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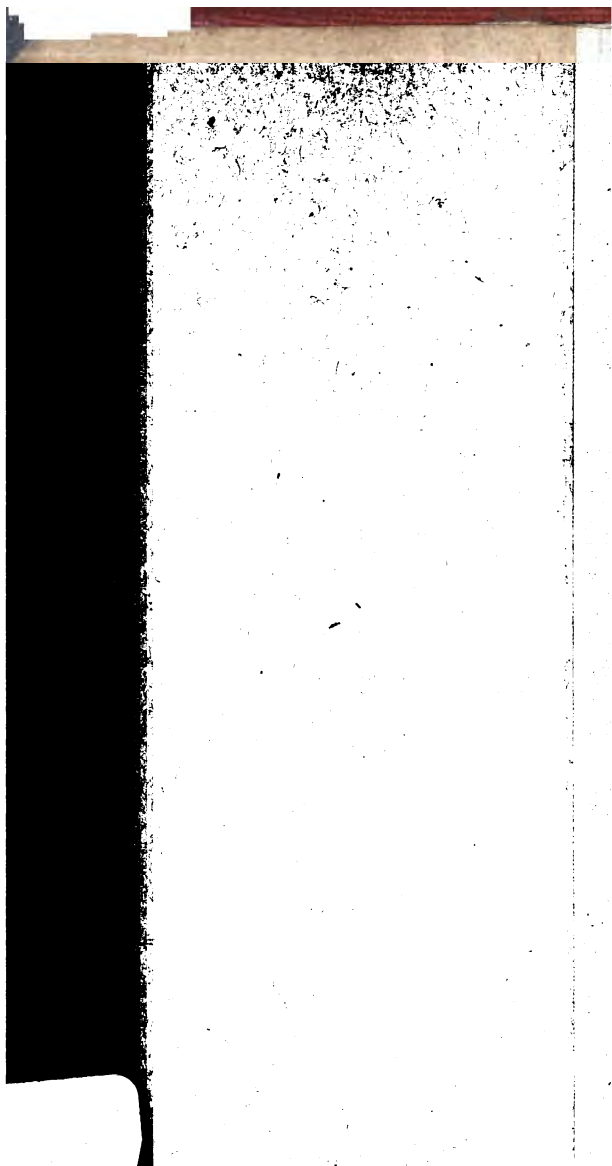
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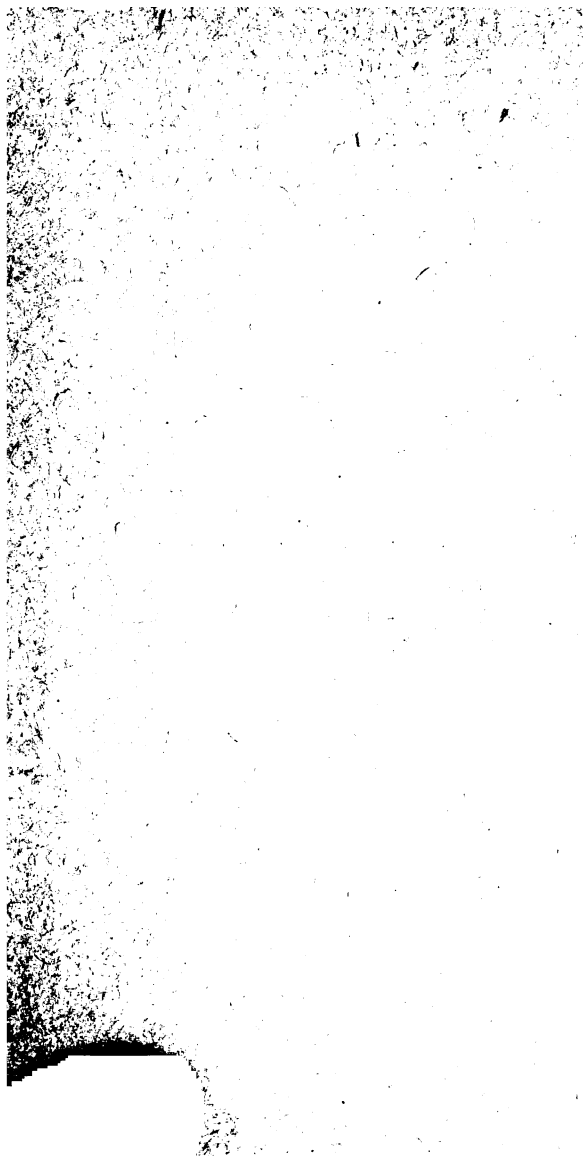
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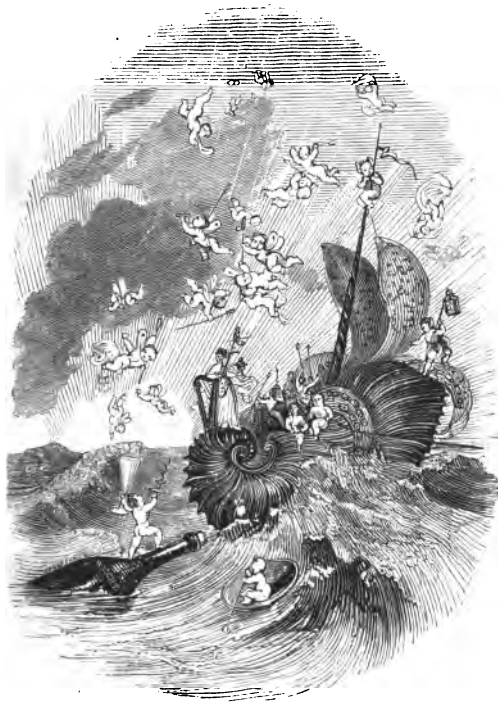
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"MIRTH ADMIT ME OF THY CREW."

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"MIRTH ADMIT ME OF TRY CREW."

THE
COMIC ANNUAL.

BY
THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.



PRESERVED IN SPIRITS.

LONDON:
CHARLES TILT, 86, FLEET STREET.

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RICHARD CLAY AND COMPANY, PRINTERS, BUNGAY STREET,
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TO
VISCOUNTESS GRANVILLE,

This Volume

OF
THE COMIC ANNUAL,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

WITH PERMISSION,

BY
HER LADYSHIP'S MOST OBLIGED

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THOMAS HOOD.

PREFACE.

FOR the fourth time I come forth with my volume, which, thanks to mild Critical weather, has now stood through three winters; and may therefore lay claim, by Mr. Loudon's permission, to the designation of a "Hardy Annual."

Those only who have been pressed to death by a Newspaper, and made to walk through a Valley of the Shadow of Death, haunted by printers' devils, can estimate the ghost-like pleasure I feel in thus appearing again in sheets. Owing to an obscure sentence in the Comic Offering, partaking rather of Burke than Sheridan, my literary, if not bodily departure, was prematurely

announced in the Herald, the Atlas, and the Metropolitan.

“ Thrice the Benshee cried.”

But I have no inclination to be passively tied neck and heels, and thrown into the Lake of Darkness, like the Gauger at the command of the rantipole wife of Rob Roy. I have seen but thirty-five summers, and with regard to my Constitution am strictly a Conservative. As Wordsworth says of a little child, I feel my life in every limb, and indeed I know on high authority, that I am as nearly related to the Undying One, as Miss Sheridan herself. That Lady, must, therefore, be content to “ live and let live,” a little longer; and if other parties have wilfully persisted in throwing the pall over me, they will find by this volume, that they have neither gained their end nor mine.

To pass to a death which I heartily wish could be contradicted, as easily as my own,—the reader



"JACK'S ALIVE!"

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will find some verses which allude to One, who has now left both Mortality and Immortality behind him. I feel it necessary to state that the Poem was composed some months before that event,—and in a tone of pleasantry, which would not now accord with my feeling in writing of the Master Genius of the age.

Farewell, Sir Walter Scott, secured
From Time,—our greatest of Inditers!
No Author's fame's so well *assur'd*,
For all who wrote were *Under-writers*.

Amongst other favours, I have to thank S. Gibbons, Esq., to whose kindness and connexion with the East India trade, I am indebted for the specimen of Chinese humour which is figured at page 46. It was drawn by an artist of the name of Hum,—a native of the Celestial Empire.

The beautiful frontispiece I owe to the kindness and pencil of Harvey,—a name to which my blood and my book owe equal acknowledgment.

One Harvey discovered my *circulation*, and the other will assuredly increase it.

I feel bound in extra boards and common justice to state that a Gentleman who has perused the papers relative to the Farm of the Zoological Society, assures me, on the honour of a Fellow, there is no such person as Stephen Humphreys on that establishment.

Perhaps it is also due to Sir Francis Freeling to declare that, however kindly he regards this work in general, I am not indebted to any official connivance on his part, for the unusual number of "strictly private" letters, both Foreign and Domestic, which transpire in the following pages.

With these necessary explanations I make my annual bow, and commend to Lord Brougham and the other "Great Lights of the age," my little Volume of light reading.

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THE COMIC ANNUAL.

THE COMPASS, WITH VARIATIONS.

"The Needles have sometimes been fatal to Mariners."

Picture of Isle of Wight.

ONE close of day—'twas in the bay
Of Naples, bay of glory!
While light was hanging crowns of gold
On mountains high and hoary,
A gallant bark got under weigh,
And with her sails my story.

For Leghorn she was bound direct,
With wine and oil for cargo,
Her crew of men some nine or ten,
The captain's name was Iago ;
A good and gallant bark she was,
La Donna (call'd) del Lago.

Bronzed mariners were her's to view,
With brown cheeks, clear or muddy,
Dark, shining eyes, and coal black hair,
Meet heads for painter's study ;
But 'midst their tan there stood one man,
Whose cheek was fair and ruddy ;

His brow was high, a loftier brow
Ne'er shone in song or sonnet,
His hair a little scant, and when
He doff'd his cap or bonnet,
One saw that Grey had gone beyond
A premiership upon it !

His eye—a passenger was he,
The cabin he had hired it,—
His eye was grey, and when he look'd
Around, the prospect fired it—
A fine poetic light, as if
The Appe-Nine inspir'd it.

His frame was stout, in height about
Six feet—well made and portly ;
Of dress and manner just to give
A sketch, but very shortly,
His order seem'd a composite
Of rustic with the courtly.

He ate and quaff'd, and joked and laughed,
And chatted with the seamen,
And often task'd their skill and ask'd,
“ What weather is't to be, man ? ”
No demonstration there appear'd
That he was any demon.

No sort of sign there was that he
Could raise a stormy rumpus,
Like Prospero make breezes blow,
And rocks and billows thump us,—
But little we supposed what he
Could with the needle compass!

Soon came a storm—the sea at first
Seem'd lying almost fallow—
When lo ! full crash, with billowy dash,
From clouds of black and yellow,
Came such a gale, as blows but once
A cent'ry like the aloe!

Our stomachs we had just prepared
To vest a small amount in ;
When, gush ! a flood of brine came down
The skylight—quite a fountain,
And right on end the table rear'd,
Just like the Table Mountain.



A STORM IN TABLE BAY.

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Down rush'd the soup, down gush'd the wine,
Each roll, its rôle repeating,
Roll'd down — the round of beef declar'd
For parting—not for meating!
Off flew the fowls, and all the game
Was “too far gone for eating!”

Down knife and fork—down went the pork,
The lamb too broke its tether ;
Down mustard went—each condiment—
Salt—pepper—all together !
Down every thing, like craft that seek
The Downs in stormy weather.

Down plunged the Lady of the Lake,
Her timbers seem'd to sever ;
Down, down, a dreary derry down,
Such lurch she had gone never ;
She almost seem'd about to take
A bed of down for ever !

Down dropt the captain's nether jaw,
Thus robb'd of all its uses,
He thought he saw the Evil One
Beside Vesuvian sluices,
Playing at dice for soul and ship,
And throwing *Sint* and *Deuces*.

Down fell the steward on his face,
To all the Saints commending ;
And candles to the Virgin vow'd,
As save-alls 'gainst his ending.
Down fell the mate, he thought his fate,
Check-mate, was close impending !

Down fell the cook—the cabin boy,
Their beads with fervour telling,
While alps of surge, with snowy verge,
Above the yards came yelling.
Down fell the crew, and on their knees
Shudder'd at each white swelling !

Down sunk the sun of bloody hue,
His crimson light a cleaver
To each red rover of a wave:
To eye of fancy-weaver,
Neptune, the God, seemed tossing in
A raging scarlet fever!

Sore, sore afraid, each papist pray'd
To Saint and Virgin Mary;
But one there was that stood compos'd
Amid the waves' vagary;
As staunch as rock, a true game cock
'Mid chicks of Mother Cary!

His ruddy cheek retain'd its streak,
No danger seem'd to shrink him;
His step still bold,—of mortal mould
The crew could hardly think him:
The Lady of the Lake, he seem'd
To know, could never sink him.

Relaxed at last the furious gale
Quite out of breath with racing ;
The boiling flood in milder mood,
With gentler billows chasing ;
From stem to stern, with frequent turn,
The Stranger took to pacing.

And as he walked to self he talked,
Some ancient ditty thrumming,
In under tone, as not alone—
Now whistling, and now humming—
“ You’re welcome Charlie,” “ Cowdenknowe
“ Kenmure,” or “ Campbells’ Coming.”

Down went the wind, down went the wave,
Fear quitted the most finical ;
The Saints, I wot, were soon forgot,
And Hope was at the pinnacle :
When rose on high, a frightful cry—
“ The Devil’s in the binnacle !”



A RUFF SEA.

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“ The Saints be near,” the helmsman cried,
His voice with quite a falter—
“ Steady’s my helm, but every look
The needle seems to alter ;
God only knows where China lies,
Jamaica, or Gibraltar !”

The captain stared aghast at mate,
The pilot at th’ apprentice ;
No fancy of the German Sea
Of Fiction the event is :
But when they at the compass look’d,
It seem’d non compass mentis.

Now north, now south, now east, now west,
The wavering point was shaken,
’Twas past the whole philosophy
Of Newton, or of Bacon ;
Never by compass, till that hour
Such latitudes were taken !

With fearful speech, each after each
Took turns in the inspection ;
They found no gun—no iron—none
To vary its direction ;
It seem'd a new magnetic case
Of Poles in Insurrection !

Farewell to wives, farewell their lives,
And all their household riches ;
Oh! while they thought of girl or boy,
And dear domestic niches,
All down the side which holds the heart,
That needle gave them stitches.

With deep amaze, the Stranger gaz'd
To see them so white livered :
And walked abaft the binnacle,
To know at what they shivered ;
But when he stood beside the card,
St. Josef! how it quiver'd !



A ROCK A-HEAD!

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No fancy-motion, brain-begot,
In eye of timid dreamer—
The nervous finger of a sot
Ne'er show'd a plainer tremor ;
To every brain it seemed too plain,
There stood th' Infernal Schemer !

Mix'd brown and blue each visage grew,
Just like a pullet's gizzard ;
Meanwhile the captain's wandering wit,
From tacking like an izzard,
Bore down in this plain course at last,
" It's Michael Scott—the Wizard ! "

A smile past o'er the ruddy face,
" To see the poles so falter
I'm puzzled, friends, as much as you,
For with no fiends I palter ;
Michael I'm not—although a Scott—
My christian name is Walter."

Like oil it fell, that name, a spell
On all the fearful faction ;
The Captain's head (for he had read),
Confess'd the Needle's action,
And bow'd to HIM in whom the North
Has lodged its main attraction !



A STAR OF THE FIRST MAGNETUDE.

AN UNFAVOURABLE REVIEW.

" You remember Philiphaugh, Sir?"
" Umph!" said the Major, " the less we say about that, John,
the better."

Old Mortality.

To Mr. Robert Cherry, the Orchard, Kent.

DEAR BOB,

It's no use your making more stir about the barley. Business has no business to stand before king and country, and I couldn't go to Ashford Market and the Review at the same time. The Earl called out the Yeomanry for a grand field day at Bumper Daggel Bottom Common, and to say nothing of its being my horse duty to attend,

I wouldn't have lost my sight for the whole barley in Kent. Besides the Earl, the great Duke did us the honour to come and see the troops go through everything, and it rained all the time. Except for the crops, a more unfavouring day couldn't have been picked out for man or beast, and many a nag has got a consequential cough.

The ground was very good, with only one leap that nobody took, but the weather was terribly against. It blew equinoxious gales, and rained like watering pots with the rose off. But as somebody said, one cannot always have their reviews cut and dry.

We set out from Ashford at ten, and was two hours getting to Bumper Daggel Bottom Common, but it's full six mile. The Bumper Daggel's dress is rather handsome and fighting like—blue, having a turn-up with white, and we might have been called *cap-a-pee*, but Mr. P. the contractor of our caps, made them all too small for our head. Luckily the clothes fit, except Mr. Lambert's, who couldn't find a jacket big enough; but he scorn



"FOUR ON, I WILL ENDURE."

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to shrink, and wore it loose on his shoulder, like a hussar. As for arms, we had all sorts, and as regards horses, I am sorry to say all sorts of legs—what with splints, and quitters, and ring-bone, and grease. The Major's, I noticed, had a bad spavin, and was no better for being fired with a ramrod, which old Clinker the blacksmith forgot to take out of his piece.

We mustard very strong,—about sixty—besides two volunteers, one an invalid, because he had been ordered to ride for exercise, and the other because he had nothing else to do, and he did nothing when he came. We must have been a disagreeable site to eyes as is unaffected towards Government,—though how Hopper's horse would behave in putting down riots I can't guess, for he did nothing but make revolutions himself, as if he was still in the thrashing mill. But you know yomanry an't reglers, and can't be expected to be veterans all at once. The worst of our mistakes was about the cullers. Old Ensign Cobb, of the White Horse, has a Political Union club meets at

his house, and when he came to unfurl, he had brought the wrong flag: instead of "Royal Bumper Dagle," it was "No Boromongers." It made a regular horse laugh among the cavalry; and Old Cobb took such dudgeon at us, he deserted home to the White Horse, and cut the concern without drawing a sword. The Captain ordered Jack Blower to sound the recall to him, but sum wag on the rout had stuck a bung up his trumpet; and he galloped off just as crusty about it as Old Cobb. Our next trouble was with Simkin, but you know he is any thing but Simkin and Martial. He rid one of his own docked waggon-horses—but for appearance sake had tied on a long regulation false tale, that made his horse kick astonishing, till his four loose shoes flew off like a game at koits. Of course nobody liked to stand nigh him, and he was obliged to be drawn up in single order by himself, but not having any one to talk to, he soon got weary of it, and left the ground. There was some excuse for him—but not for Dale, who deserted from his company, — some said his ho



SEEING A REVIEW.

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bolted with him, but I'll swear I seed him spur. Up to this we had only one more deserter, and that was Marks, on his iron-grey mare; for she heard her foal whinnying at home, and attended to that call more than to a deaf and dumb trumpet. Biggs didn't come at all; he had his nag stole that very morning, as it was waiting for him, pistols and all.

What with these goings off and gaps our ranks got in such disorder, that the Earl, tho' he is a Tory, was obliged to act as a rank Reformer. We got into line middling well, as far as the different sizes of our horses would admit, and the Duke rode up and down us, and I am sorry to say was compelled to a reprimand. Morgan Giles had been at a fox hunt the day before, and persisted in wearing the brush as a feather in his cap. As fox tails ian't regulation, his Grace ordered it out, but Morgan was very high, and at last threw up his commission into a tree and trotted home to Wickham Hall, along with Private Dick, who, as Morgan's whipper-in, thought he was under obligations to follow his master.

We got thro' sword exercise decent well,—only Barber shaved Crofts' mare with his saber, which he needn't have done, as she was clipt before; and Holdsworth slashed off his cob's off ear. It was cut and run with her in course; and I hope he got safe home. We don't know what Hawksley might have thrust, as his sword objected to be called out in wet weather, and stuck to its sheath like pitch; but he went thro' all the cuts very correct with his umbrella. For my own part, candour compels to state I swished off my left hand man's feather; but tho' it might have been worse, and I apologized as well as I could for my horse fretting, he was foolish enough to huff at, and swear was done on purpose, and so galloped home, I suspect, to write me a calling out challenge. Challenge or not, if I fight him with anything but fists, I'm not one of the Yomanry. An accident's an accident, and much more pardonable than Hawksley opening his umbrella plump in the face of the Captain's blood charger; and ten times more mortifying for an officer to be carried back

willy-nilly to Ashford, in the very middle of the Review. Luckily before Hawksley frightened any more, he was called off to hold his umbrella over Mrs. H., as Mrs. Morgan had taken in nine ladies, and couldn't accommodate more in her close carriage, without making it too close.

After sword exercise we shot pistols, and I must say, very well and distinct; only, old Dunn didn't fire; but he's deaf as a post, and I wonder how he was called out. Talking of volleys, I am sorry to say we fired one before without word of command; but it was all thro' Day on his shooting pony putting up a partridge, and in the heat of the moment letting fly, and as he is our fugelman we all did the same. Lucky for the bird it was very strong on the wing, or the troop must have brought it down; howsomever the Earl looked very grave, and said something that Day didn't choose to take from him, being a qualified man, and taking out a reglar license, so he went off to his own ground, where he might shoot without being

called to account. Contrary to reason and expectation, there was very few horses shied at the firing; but we saw Bluff lying full length, and was afraid it was a bust; but we found his horse, being a very quiet one, had run away from the noise. He was throwd on his back in the mud, but refused to leave the ground. Being a man of spirit, and military inclin'd, he got up behind Bates; but Bates's horse objecting to such back-gammon, rear'd and threw doublets. As his knees was broke, Bates and Bluff was forced to lead him away, and the troop lost two more men, tho' for once against their own wills.

I forgot to say in firing, the Doctor from *Fewersham*, and I've no doubt he's wright, thought proper to use James's Powder. As for Roper he had bragged how he could stand fire, but seeing a great light over the village, he set off full Swing to look after his ricks and barns.

The next thing to be done was charging, and between you and me, I was most anxious about that, as many of us could only ride up to a certain



"GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE."

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pitch. If you've ever been throwd you'll know what I mean: to tell the truth, when the word came, I seed some lay hold of their saddles, but Barnes had better have laid hold of any thing else in the world, for it turnd round with him at the first start. Simpkin fell at the same time insensibly, but the doctor dismounted and was very happy to attend him without making any charge whatever. All the rest went off gallantly, either galloping or cantering, tho' as they say at Canterbury races, there was some wonderful tailing on account of the difference of the nags. Grimsby's mare was the last of the lot, and for her backwardness in charging we called her the Mare of Bristol, but he took the jest no better than Cobb did, and when we wheel'd to the right he was left. Between friends, I was not sorry when the word came to pull up,—such crossing, and josting, and foul riding; but two farmers seemed to like it, for they never halted when the rest did, but galloped on out of sight. I have since heard they had matched their two nags the day before to run two miles for a

sovereign; I don't think a sovereign should divert a man from his king: but I can't write the result as they never came back,—I suppose on account of the wet. The rains, to speak cavalry like, had got beyond bearing rains; and when we formed line again it was like a laundress's clothes line, for there wasn't a dry shirt on it. One man on a lame horse rode particularly restive, and objected in such critical weather to a long review. He wouldn't be cholera morbus'd, he said, for Duke or Devil, but should put his horse up and go home by the blue Stage; by way of answer he was ordered to give up his arms and his jacket, which he did very off hand as it was wet thro'. Howsomever it was thought prudent to dispense with us till fine weather, so we was formed into a circle—9 bobble square, and the Duke thanked us in a short speech for being so regular, and loyal, and soldier-like, after which every man that had kept his seat gave three cheers.

On the whole the thing might have been very gratifying, but on reviewing the Field day, the



AN OBJECTION TO CROSSING THE LINE.

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asthmas and agues are uncommonly numerous, and to say nothing of the horses that are amiss with coffs and colds—there are three dead and seven lame for life. The Earl has been very much blamed under the rose among the privates, for fixing on a Hunting day, which I forgot to say, carried away a dozen that were mounted on their hunters. I am sorry to say there was so few left at the end of all, as to suffer themselves to be hissed into the town by the little boys and gals, and called the Horse Gomerils; and that consequently the corpse as a body, is as good as defunct. Not that there were many resign'd at the end of the review, as his Lordship gave a grand dinner on the following day to the troop: but I am sorry to say, a great many was so unhandsome as to throw up the very day after. The common excuse among them was something of not liking to wet their swords against their countrymen.

For my own part as the yomanry cannot go on, I shall stick to it honorably, and as any man of spirit would do in my case; but dont be afraid of my

attending Market, come what will, and selling the barley at the best quotation.

I am, dear Brother,

Your's and the Colonel's to command,

JAMES CHERRY.

P. S.—I forgot to tell what will make you laugh. Barlow wouldn't ride with spurs, because, he said, they made his horse prick his ears. Our poor corps, small as it is, I understand is like to act in divisions. Some wish to be infantry instead of cavalry; and the farmers from the hop grounds want to be Polish Lancers.

I have just learned Ballard, and nine more of the men, was ordered to keep the ground; but it seems they left before the Troop came on it. They say in excuse, they stood in the rain till they were ready to drop; and as we didn't come an hour after time, they thought everything was postponed. "None but the brave," they said, "deserve the fair;" and till it *was* fair, they wouldn't attend again.



PEACE OFFICERS.

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The mare you lent Ballard, I am sorry to say, got kicked in several places, and had her shoulder put out; we was advised to give her a swim in the sea, and I am still more sorry to say, in swimming her we drowned her. As for my own nag, I am afraid he has got string-halt; but one comfort is, I think it diverts him from kicking.



STRING-HALT.

THE FALL.

“ Down, down, down, ten thousand fathoms deep.”

COUNT FATHOM.

WHO does not know that dreadful gulf, where
Niagara falls,

Where eagle unto eagle screams, to vulture vulture
calls ;

Where down beneath, Despair and Death in liquid
darkness grope,

And upward, on the foam there shines a rainbow
without Hope ;

While, hung with clouds of Fear and Doubt, the
unreturning wave

Suddenly gives an awful plunge, like life into the
grave ;



THE FALL OF ST. LAWRENCE.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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And many a hapless mortal there hath dived to
bale or bliss ;
One—only one—hath ever lived to rise from that
abyss !

Oh, Heav'n ! it turns me now to ice with chill of
fear extreme,
To think of my frail bark adrift on that tumultuous
stream !

In vain with desperate sinews, strung by love of
life and light,
I urged that coffin, my canoe, against the current's
might :

On—on—still on—direct for doom, the river rush'd
in force,

And fearfully the stream of Time raced with it
in its course.

My eyes I closed—I dared not look the way to-
wards the goal ;

But still I view'd the horrid close, and dreamt it
in my soul.

Plainly, as through transparent lids, I saw the
fleeting shore,

And lofty trees, like winged things, fit by for
 evermore ;
Plainly,—but with no prophet sense—I heard the
 sullen sound,
The torrent's voice—and felt the mist, like death-
 sweat gathering round.
O agony! O life! My home! and those that made
 it sweet:
Ere I could pray, the torrent lay beneath my very
 feet.
With frightful whirl, more swift than thought, I
 passed the dizzy edge,
Bound after bound, with hideous bruise, I dash'd
 from ledge to ledge,
From crag to crag,—in speechless pain,—from
 midnight deep to deep ;
I did not die,— but anguish stunn'd my senses into
 sleep.
How long entranced, or whither dived, no clue I
 have to find :
At last the gradual light of life came dawning o'er
 my mind ;

And through my brain there thrill'd a cry,— a cry
as shrill as birds'

Of vulture or of eagle kind, but this was set to
words:—

“ It's Edgar Huntley in his cap and nightgown,
I declares!

He's been a-walking in his sleep, and pitch'd all
down the stairs!”



A CATARACT.

SOME ACCOUNT OF WILLIAM WHISTON.

“That boy is the brother of Pam——.”

JOSEPH ANDREWS.

“WILLIAM certainly *is* fond of whist!”

This was an admission drawn, or extracted, as Cartwright would say, like a double tooth from the mouth of William's mother; an amiable and excellent lady, who ever reluctantly confessed foibles in her family, and invariably endeavoured to exhibit to the world the sunny side of her children.

There can be no possibility of doubt that William *was* fond of whist. He doated on it. Whist was his first passion—his first love; and in whist he



CARDY-MUMS.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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experienced no disappointment. The two were made for each other.

William was one of a large bunch of children, and he never grew up. On his seventh birthday a relation gave him a miniature pack of cards, and made him a whistplayer for life. Our bias dates much earlier than some natural philosophers suppose. I remember William, a mere child, being one day William of Orange, and objecting to a St. Michael's because it had no pips.

At school he was a total failure; except in reckoning the odd tricks. He counted nothing by honours, and the schoolmaster said of his head, what he has since said occasionally of his hand, that it "held literally nothing."

At sixteen, after a long maternal debate between the black and red suits, William was articled to an attorney: but instead of becoming a respectable land-shark, he played double-dummy with the Common-Law clerk, and was discharged on the 6th of November. The principal remonstrated with him on a breach of duty, and William impru-

dently answered that he was aware of his duty, like the ace of spades. Mr. Bitem immediately banged the door against him, and William, for the first time in his life—to use his own expression, “got a slam.”

William having served his time, and as he calls it, followed suit for five years, was admitted as an attorney, and began to play at that finessing game, the Law. *Short-hand* he still studied and practised; though more in parlours than in court.

William at one period admired Miss Hunt, or Miss Creswick, or Miss Hall, or Miss Reynolds; a daughter of one of the great cardmakers, I forget which—and he cut for partners, but without “getting the Lady.” His own explanation was, that he “*was discarded.*” He then paid his addresses to a Scotch girl, a Miss Mac Nab, but she professed religious scruples about cards, and he *revoked*. I have heard it said that she expected to match higher; indeed William used to say she “looked over his hand.”

William is short, and likes shorts. He likes

nothing of *longs*, but the St. John of them; and he only takes to *him*, because that saint is partial to a *rubber*. Whist seems to influence his face as well as form; it is like a knave of clubs. I sometimes fancy whist could not go on without William, and certainly William could not go on without whist. His whole conversation, except on cards, is wool-gathering; and on that subject is like wool—carded. He “speaks by the card,” and never gives equivocation a chance. At the Olympic once he had a quarrel with a gentleman about *the lead* of Madame Vestris or Miss Sydney: he was required to give his card, and gave the “Deuce of Hearts.” This was what he termed “calling out.”

Of late years William only goes out like a bad rushlight, earlyish of a night, and quits every table that is not covered with green baize with absolute disgust. The fairies love by night to “*gambol* on the *green*,” and so does William, and he is constantly humming with great gusto,

“Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands.”

The only verses, by the way, he ever got by heart. He never cared to play much with the Muses. They stick, he used to say, at Nine.

William can sit longer—drink less—say as little—pay or receive as much,—shuffle as well—and cut as deeply as any man on earth. You may leave him safely after dinner, and catch him at breakfast time without alteration of attitude or look. He is a small statue erected in honour of whist, and like Eloquence, “ holds his hand well up.” He is content to ring the changes on thirteen cards a long Midsummer night; for he does not *play* at cards—he *works* at them, and, considering the returns, for very low wages. William never was particularly lucky; but he bears the twos and threes with as much equanimity as any one, and seems, horticulturally speaking, to have grafted Patience upon Whist. I do not know whether it is the family motto, but he has upon his seal—with the Great Mogul for a crest—the inscription of “ Packs in Bello.”

William is now getting old, (nearly fifty-two,)

with an asthma; which he says makes him rather "weak in trumps." He is preparing himself accordingly to "take down his score," and has made his will, bequeathing all he has or has not, to a whist club. His funeral he directs to be quite private, and his gravestone a plain one, and especially "that there be no cherubims carved thereon, forasmuch,"—says this characteristic document, "that they never hold Honours."



A DOUBLE AT LONGS.

SHOOTING PAINS.

"The charge is prepar'd."—MACHEATH.

IF I shoot any more I'll be shot,
For ill-luck seems determined to star me,
I have march'd the whole day
With a gun,—for no pay—
Zounds I'd better have been in the army!

What matters Sir Christopher's leave;
To his manor I'm sorry I came yet!
With confidence fraught,
My two pointers I brought,
But we are not a point towards game yet!



SHOOTING WITH ROVER AND RANGER.

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And that gamekeeper too, with advice!
Of my course he has been a nice chalker,
 Not far, were his words,
 I could go without birds:
If my legs could cry out, they'd cry "Walker!"

Not Hawker could find out a flaw,—
My appointments are modern and Mantony;
 And I've brought my own man,
 To mark down all he can,
But I can't find a mark for my Anthony!

The partridges,—where can they lie?
I have promis'd a leash to Miss Jervas,
 As the least I could do;
 But without even two
To brace me,—I'm getting quite nervous!

To the pheasants—how well they're preserv'd!
My sport's not a jot more beholden,
 As the birds are so shy,
 For my friends I must buy,
And so send "silver pheasants and golden."

I have tried ev'ry form for a hare,
Every patch, every furze that could shroud
 With toil unrelax'd,
 Till my patience is tax'd,
But I cannot be taxed for hare-powder.

I've been roaming for hours in three flats,
In the hope of a snipe for a snap at ;
 But still vainly I court
 The percussioning sport,
I find nothing for " setting my cap at ! "

A woodcock,—this month is the time,—
Right and left I've made ready my lock for,
 With well-loaded double,
 But spite of my trouble,
Neither barrel can I find a cock for!

A rabbit I should not despise,
But they lurk in their burrows so lowly ;
 This day's the eleventh,
 It is not the seventh,
But they seem to be keeping it hole-y



CANVASSING A BURROW—"COME TO THE POLE."

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For a mallard I've waded the marsh,
And haunted each pool, and each lake—oh!
 Mine is not the luck,
 To obtain thee, O Duck,
Or to doom thee, O Drake, like a Draco!

For a field-fare I've fared far a-field,
Large or small I am never to sack bird,
 Not a thrush is so kind
 As to fly, and I find
I may whistle myself for a black-bird!

I am angry, I'm hungry, I'm dry,
Disappointed, and sullen, and goaded,
 And so weary an elf,
 I am sick of myself,
And with Number One seem overloaded.

As well one might beat round St. Paul's,
And look out for a cock or a hen there;
 I have search'd round and round,
 All the Baronet's ground,
But Sir Christopher hasn't a wren there!

Joyce may talk of his excellent caps,
But for nightcaps they set me desiring,
And it's really too bad,
Not a shot I have had
With Hall's Powder renown'd for "quick firing."

If this is what people call sport,
Oh! of sporting I can't have a high sense ;
And there still remains one
More mischance on my gun—
"Fined for shooting without any license."



A DOUBLE BARREL.



FANCY PORTRAIT—"I'D BE A BUTTERFLY."

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SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE OBSERVER.

"It's very strange," said the coachman,—looking at me over his left shoulder—"I never see it afore— But I've made three observations through life."

Bat—so called for shortness, though in feet and inches he was rather an Upper Benjamin—was any thing but what Othello denominates "a puny whipster." He had brandished the whip for full thirty years, at an average of as many miles a day; the product of which, calculated according to Cocker, appears in a respectable sum total of six figures deep.

Now an experience picked up in a progress of

some three hundred thousand miles is not to be slighted ; so I leaned with my best ear over the coachman's shoulder, in order to catch every syllable.

“ I have set on the box, man and boy,” said Bat, looking straight a-head between his leaders, “ a matter of full thirty year, and what's more, never missing a day—barring the Friday I was married ; and one of my remarks is—I never see a sailor in top-boots.”

“ Now I think of it, Bat,” said I, a little disconcerted at my windfall from the tree of knowledge, “ I have had some experience in travelling myself, and certainly do not recollect such a phenomenon.”

“ I'll take my oath you haven't,” said Bat, giving the near leader a little switch of self-satisfaction, “ I once driv the Phenomenon myself. There's no such thing in nature. And I'll tell you another remarkable remark I've made through life—I never yet see a Jew Pedlar with a Newfoundland dog.”

“ As for that, Bat,” said I, perhaps willing to

retort upon him a little of my own disappointment, "though I cannot call such a sight to mind—I will not undertake to say I have never met with such an association."

"If you have, you're a lucky man," said Bat somewhat sharply, and with a smart cut on the wheeler; "I belong to an association too, and we've none of us seen it. There's a hundred members, and I've inquired of every man of 'em, for it's my remark. But some people see a déal more than their fellows. Mayhap you've seen the other thing I've observed through life, and that's this—I've never observed a black man driving a long stage."

"Never, Bat," said I, desiring to conciliate him, "never in the whole course of my stage practice; and for many years of my life I was a daily visitant to Richmond."

"And no one else has ever seen it," said Bat. "That's a correct remark anyhow. As for Richmond, he never drove a team in his life, for I asked him the question myself, just after his fight with Shelton."

THE ABSTRACTION.

— “draws honey forth that drives men mad.”

LALLA ROOKEH.

THE speakers were close under the bow-window of the inn, and as the sash was open, Curiosity herself could not help overhearing their conversation. So I laid down Mrs. Opie's “Illustrations of Lying,”—which I had found lying in the inn window,—and took a glance at the partners in the dialogue.

One of them was much older than the other, and much taller; he seemed to have grown like quick-set. The other was thick-set.

“I tell you, Thomas,” said Quickset, “you are a flat. Before you've been a day in London, they'll have the teeth out of your very head. As for me, I've been there twice, and know what's what. Take my advice: never tell the truth on no account. Questions is only asked by way of pumping; and you ought always to put 'em on a wrong scent.”

"But aunt is to send her man to meet me at the Old Bailey," said Thickset, "and to show me to her house. Now if a strange man says to me, 'young man, are you Jacob Giles,'—an't I to tell him?"

"By no manner of means," answered Quickset; "say you are quite another man. No one but a flat would tell his name to a stranger about London. You see how I answered them last night about what was in the waggon. Brooms, says I, nothing else. A flat would have told them there was the honey-pots underneath; but I've been to London before, and know a thing or two."

"London must be a desperate place," said Thickset.

"Mortal!" said Quickset, "fobs and pockets are nothing! Your watch is hardly safe if you carried it in your inside, and as for money"—

"I'm almost sorry I left Berkshire," said Thickset.

"Poo—poo," said Quickset, "don't be afeard. I'll look after ye; cheat me, and they've only one

more to cheat. Only mind my advice. Don't say anything of your own head, and don't object to anything *I* say. If I say black's white, don't contradict. Mark that. Say everything as I say."

"I understand what you mean," said Thickset; and with this lesson in his shock head, he began to busy himself about the waggon, while his comrade went to the stable for the horses. At last Old Ball emerged from the stable-door with the head of Old Dumpling resting on his crupper; when a yell rose from the rear of the waggon, that startled even Number 55, at the Bush Inn, at Staines, and brought the company running from the remote box in its retired tea-garden.

"In the name of everything," said the landlord "what's the matter?"

"It's gone—all gone, by goles!" cried Thickset with a bewildered look at Quickset, as if doubtful whether he ought not to have said it was *no* gone.

"You don't mean to say the honey-pots!" said Quickset, with some alarm, and letting go the



A TEA GARDEN.



bridle of Old Ball, who very quietly led Old Dumpling back again into the stable ; “ you don’t mean to say the honey-pots ? ”

“ I *don’t* mean to say the honey-pots,” said Thicket, literally following the instructions he had received.

“ What made you screech out then ? ” said Quickset, appealing to Thicket.

“ What made me screech out then ? ” said Thicket, appealing to Quickset, and determined to say as he said.

“ The fellow’s drunk,” said the landlord ; “ the ale’s got in his head.”

“ Ale,—what ale has he had ? ” inquired Quickset, rather anxiously.

“ Ale,—what ale have I had ? ” echoed Thicket, looking sober with all his might.

“ He’s not drunk,” shouted Quickset ; “ there’s something the matter.”

“ I’m not drunk ; there *is* something the matter,” bellowed Thicket, and with his fore-finger he pointed to the waggon.

" I *don't* mean to say the honey," said Th
his caution rising.

The gesture of Thickset, however, had con
some vague notion of danger to his comp
With the agility of a cat he climbed on the w
and with the super-human activity of a c
soon pitched down every bundle of besoms.
is a proverb that " new brooms sweep clean
they certainly seemed to have swept every p
of honey clean out of the waggon.

Quickset was thunderstruck ; he stood
at the empty vehicle in silence ; while his
wandered wildly through his hair, as if in
of the absent combs.

When he found words at last, they were n
of the Litany. Words, however, did not suf
vent his passion ; and he began to stam



THE LADY IN COMUS.

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said the chambermaid, as she looked at a new pattern on her best gingham.

"It's no matter," said Quickset, "I won't lose it. The house must stand the damage. Mr. Bush, I shall look to you for the money."

"He shall look to you for the money," da-capo'd Thickset.

"You may look till doomsday," said the landlord. "It's all your own fault; I thought nobody would steal brooms. If you had told me there was honey, I would have put the waggon under lock and key."

"Why, there *was* honey," said Quickset and Thickset.

"I don't know that," said Mr. Bush, "you said last night in the kitchen there was nothing but brooms."

"I heard him," said John Ostler; "I'll take my oath to his very words!"

"And so will I," roar'd the chambermaid, glancing at her damaged gown.

"What of that," said Quickset, "I know I said there was nothing but brooms."

"I know," said Thickset, "I'm positive, he said there was nothing but brooms."

"He confesses it himself," said the landlady.

"And his own man speaks agin him," said the chambermaid.

"I saw the waggon come in, and it didn't seem to have any honey in it," said the head waiter.

"May be the flies have eaten it," said the postilion.

"I've seen two chaps the very moral of them two at bar of the Old Bailey," said Boots.

"It's a swindle, it is," said the landlady, "and Mr. Bush shan't pay a farthing."

"They deserve tossing in a blanket," said the chambermaid.

"Duck 'em in the horsepond," shouted John Ostle.

"I think," whispered Thickset, "they are making themselves up for mischief!"

There was no time to be lost. Quickset again lugged Old Ball and Old Dumpling from stable, while his companion tossed the brooms into the waggon. As soon as possible they drove out of the unlucky yard, and as they passed

the arch, I heard for the last time the voice of Thickset:

“ You’ve been to London before, and to be sure know best ; but somehow, to my mind, the telling the untruth don’t seem to answer.”

The only reply was a thwack, like the report of a pistol, on the crupper of each of the horses. The poor animals broke directly into something like a canter ; and as the waggon turned a corner of the street, I shut down the sash, and resumed my “ Illustrations of Lying.”



STAGE EFFECT.

THE RECOGNITION.

" I THINK," said I, looking hard at the man who handed up my luggage, " I think I have seen your face before."

" Very likely, Sir," said he, " but you have the advantage on me. Six insides and twelve out, every day of one's life, isn't easy to remember! "

" Your name's Mat," said I, " you drove a Fulham."

" It's a true bill," said Mat. " Though I'm a cad now, I was once a coachman and had cads under me. I may say I was the first of the profession on the road, and that's why I'm so soon reversed. The biggest wheel has the greatest turns in life."

" It's some years now, Mat, since I went by your coach, and I have quite left that line of road ; but when I knew you, Mat, you certainly took the lead at Hatchett's and kept it at Fulham. Do you

remember running a race with Sarcy Jim, and knocking the old gentleman down with the pole?"

"I can't say I do," said Mat, "there was so many on 'em."

"But you remember, Mat, the leaders knocking down a woman and child; and your being committed for two months?"

"Ah, Sir!" said Mat, sighing like a high-blower, "if you knew me *then*, you knew me in my brightest days. I'll appeal to any gentleman,—that's a judge,—if I looked like a chap that would come to hang by the dickey."

"Certainly not, Mat; and as for your coach, there was not a better turn-out, in the short line, round London."

"Ah," said Mat, sighing again, "she *was* my fancy. I've laid out eightpence a day reg'lar, at Common Garden, only for nosegays for me and the horses' heads; but for all that, nobody could say I had any pride about me—none whatever."

"You were always very civil and obliging, Mat," said I, "and for my own part I never had a fault

to find with you, except once, when you gave us an ugly upset near Hatchett's."

"Ah," said Mat, "I recollect. I did set down some of you rather suddenly at the Duke of Devonshire's; but then the thing was done handsome, for I couldn't have spill'd you at a genteeler gate."

"I suppose, however, it was that accident that threw you off the box with the proprietors."

"Far from it," said Mat, with a violent wink; "the proprietors thought they had never seen such a desperate overturn with so few fractions. There wasn't a single suit of law, and instead of discharging me, they riz my wages. It's something you see, Sir, to have a character."

"Perhaps, Mat," said I, "you got into the clutches of the informers. You were not particular, Mat, about number, when a pretty girl wanted a lift."

"It was that," said Mat, shaking his head, "as undone me. One St. Swithin's day I happened to come up with Mrs. Bilberrie's Ladies' School, that



HIGH AND DRY.

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had been gypseying to Putney Heath ; and as I was empty inside and out, and having a regard for the sex, and being wet, I agreed to take the whole lot, teachers and all, at a shilling a head. There was seven-and-twenty on 'em, and unluckily two fellows of the name of Myers, or Byers, or Liars, seed me set down. I was pulled up sharp, afore the magistrate, and have been on my haunches ever since."

"It was a thing, Mat," said I, "that might have happened to the best of coachmen. Surely there was some better, or rather worse, cause for this change in your circumstances."

"Between you and me," said Mat, "there was. My wife died at the same time, and ever since she's a lost woman, I've been a lost man. I can't forget her till I forget myself, and that's only done by drink. They may talk of a drop in the eye, but I'm never without one when I think of her ; and it's that, Sir, that aggravates me to take so many quarterns."

THE LAST SHILLING.

HE was evidently a foreigner, and poor. As I sat at the opposite corner of the Southgate stage, I took a mental inventory of his wardrobe. A military cloak much the worse for wear,—a blue coat, the worse for tear,—a napless hat—a shirt neither white nor brown—a pair of mud-colour gloves, open at each thumb—grey trowsers too short for his legs—and brown boots too long for his feet.

From some words he dropt, I found that he had come direct from Paris, to undertake the duties of French teacher, at an English academy; and his companion, the English classical usher, had been sent to London, to meet and conduct him to his suburban destination.

Poor devil, thought I, thou art going into a bitter bad line of business; and the hundredth share which I had taken in the boyish persecutions of my own French master—an emigré of the old



**"IF THE COACH GOES AT SIX, PRAY WHAT TIME GOES
THE BASKET?"**

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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noblesse—smote violently on my conscience. At Edmonton the coach stopped. The coachman alighted, pulled the bell of a mansion inscribed in large letters, *Vespasian House*; and deposited the foreigner's trunks and boxes on the footpath. The English classical usher stepped briskly out, and deposited a shilling in the coachman's anticipatory hand. Monsieur followed the example, and with some precipitation prepared to enter the gate of the fore-garden, but the driver stood in the way.

"I want another shilling," said the coachman.

"You agreed to take a shilling a-head," said the English master.

"You said you would take one shilling for my head," said the French master.

"It's for the luggage," said the coachman.

The Frenchman seemed thunderstruck; but there was no help for it. He pulled out a small weazle-bellied, brown silk purse, but there was nothing in it save a medal of Napoleon. Then he felt his breast-pockets, then his side-pockets, and then his waistcoat-pockets; but they were all empty, except-

ing a metal snuffbox, and that was empty too. Lastly he felt the pockets in the flaps of his coat, taking out a meagre, would-be white handkerchief and shaking it; but not a dump. I rather suspect he anticipated the result—but he went thro' the operations *seriatim*, with the true French gravity. At last he turned to his companion, with a “Mistare Barbieri, be as good to lend me one shelling.”

Mr. Barber thus appealed to, went through something of the same ceremony. Like a blue-bottle cleaning itself, he passed his hands over his breast—round his hips, and down the outside of his thighs,—but the sense of feeling could detect nothing like a coin.

“You agreed for a shilling, and you shall have no more,” said the man with empty pockets.

“No—no—no—you shall have no mor,” said the moneyless Frenchman.

By this time the housemaid of Vespasian House, tired of standing with the door in her hand, had come down to the garden-gate, and, willing to

make herself generally useful, laid her hand on one of the Foreigner's trunks.

"It shan't go till I'm paid my shilling," said the coachman, taking hold of the handle at the other end.

The good-natured housemaid instantly let go of the trunk, and seemed suddenly to be bent double by a violent cramp, or stitch, in her right side,—while her hand groped busily under her gown. But it was in vain. There was nothing in that pocket but some curl-papers, and a brass thimble.

The stitch or cramp then seemed to attack her other side; again she stooped and fumbled, while Hope and Doubt struggled together on her rosy face. At last Hope triumphed,—from the extremest corner of the huge dimity pouch she fished up a solitary coin, and thrust it exultingly into the obdurate palm.

"It won't do," said the coachman, casting a wary eye on the metal, and holding out for the inspection of the trio a silver-washed coronation medal, which had been purchased of a Jew for twopence the year before.

The poor girl quietly set down the trunk which she had again taken up, and restored the deceitful medal to her pocket. In the meantime the arithmetical usher had arrived at the gate in his way out, but was stopped by the embargo on the luggage. "What's the matter now?" asked the man of figures.

"If you please, Sir," said the housemaid, dropping a low curtsy, "it's this impudent fellow of a coachman will stand here for his rights."

"He wants a shilling more than his fare," said Mr. Barber.

"He does want more than his fare shilling," reiterated the Frenchman.

"Coachman! what the devil are we waiting here for?" shouted a stentorian voice from the rear of the stage.

"Bless me, John, are we to stay here all day?" cried a shrill voice from the stage's interior.

"If you don't get up shortly I shall get down," bellowed a voice from the box.

At this crisis the English usher drew his fellow-

tutor aside, and whispered something in his ear that made him go through the old manual exercise. He slapped his pantaloons—flapped his coat tails—and felt about his bosom—"I haven't got one," said he, and with a shake of the head and a hurried bow, he set off at the pace of a twopenny postman. /

"I an't going to stand here all day," said the coachman, getting out of all reasonable patience.

"You're an infernal scoundrelly villain," said Mr. Barber, getting out of all classical English.

"You are a—what Mr. Barber says," said the Foreigner.

"Thank God and his goodness," ejaculated the housemaid, "here comes the Doctor;" and the portly figure of the pedagogue himself came striding pompously down the gravel-walk. He had two thick lips and a double chin, which all began wagging together.

"Well, well; what's all this argumentative elocution? I command taciturnity!"

"I'm a shilling short," said the coachman.

“ He says he has got one short shilling,”
the foreigner.

“ Poo—poo—poo,” said the thick-lips and do
chin. “ Pay the fellow his superfluous claim,
appeal to magisterial authority.”

“ It’s what we mean to do, Sir,” said the En
usher, “ but”—and he laid his lips mysteric
to the Doctor’s ear.

“ A pecuniary bagatelle,” said the Doctor. “
palpable extortion,—but I’ll disburse it,—and
have a legislative remedy for his avaricious
mands.” As the man of pomp said this, he t
his fore-finger into an empty waistcoat-pock
then into its fellow—and then into every pock
had—but without any other product than a b
of keys, two ginger lozenges, and the French r

“ It’s very peculiar,” said the Doctor, “ I l
prepossession of having currency to that am
The coachman must call to-morrow for it at V
sian House—or stay—I perceive my houseke
Mrs. Plummer! pray just step hither and liqu
this little commercial obligation.”

Now, whether Mrs Plummer had or had not a shilling, Mrs. Plummer only knows; for she did not condescend to make any search for it,—and if she had none, she was right not to take the trouble. However, she attempted to carry the point by a *coup de main*. Snatching up one of the boxes, she motioned the housemaid to do the like, exclaiming in a shrill treble key,—“ Here’s a-pretty work indeed, about a paltry shilling! If it’s worth having, it’s worth calling again for,—and I suppose Vespasian House is not going to run away!”

“ But may be *I* am,” said the inflexible coachman, seizing a trunk with each hand.

“ John, I insist on being let out,” screamed the lady in the coach. “ I shall be too late for dinner,” roared the Thunderer in the dickey. As for the passenger on the box, he had made off during the latter part of the altercation.

“ What shall we do?” said the English Classical Usher.

“ God and his goodness only knows!” said the housemaid.

"I am a stranger in this country," said the Frenchman.

"You must pay the money," said the coachman.

"And here it is, you brute," said Mrs. Plummer, who had made a trip to the house in the meantime; but whether she had coined it, or raised it by a subscription among the pupils, I know no more than



THE MAN IN THE MOON.

THE CONTRAST.

“I HOPE the Leviathan is outward bound,” I ejaculated, half aloud, as I beheld the Kit-Kat portion of the Man-Mountain occupying the whole frame of the coach-window. But Hope deceived as usual; and in he came.

I ought rather to have said he essayed to come in,—for it was only after repeated experiments upon material substances, that he contrived to enter the vehicle edgeways,—if such blunt bodies may be said to have an edge at all. As I contemplated his bulk, I could not help thinking of the mighty Lambert, and was ready to exclaim with Gratiano, “a Daniel! a second Daniel!”

The Brobdingnagian had barely subsided in his seat, when the opposite door opened, and in stepped a Lilliputian! The conjunction was whimsical. Yonder, thought I, is the Irish Giant, and the other is the dwarf, Count Boruwlski. This coach is their travelling caravan—and as for myself, I am no doubt the showman.

I was amusing myself with this and kindred fancies, when a hand suddenly held up something at the coach window. "It's my luggage," said the Giant, with a small penny-trumpet of a pipe, and taking possession of a mere golden pippin of a bundle.

"The three large trunks and the biggest carpet-bag are *my* property," said the Dwarf, with a voice as unexpectedly stentorian.

"Warm day, Sir," squeaked the Giant, by way of small talk.

"Prodigious preponderance of caloric in the atmosphere," thundered the Dwarf, by way of big talk.

"Have you paid your fare, gentlemen?" asked the coachman, looking in at the door.

"I have paid half mine," said the Stupendous, "and it's booked. My name is Lightfoot."

"Mine is Heaviside," said the Pigmy, "and I have disbursed the sum total."

The door slammed—the whip cracked—sixteen horse-shoes made a clatter, and away bowled the



THE GREAT MAIL CONTRACTOR.

a
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New Safety ; but had barely rattled two hundred yards, when it gave an alarming bound over some loose paving stones, followed by a very critical swing. The Dwarf, in a tone louder than ever, gave vent to a prodigious oath ; the Giant said, " Dear me ! "

There will something come of this, said I to myself ; so, feigning sleep, I leaned back in a corner, with a wary ear to their conversation. The Gog had been that morning to the Exhibition of Fleas, in Regent-street, and thought them " prodigious ! " The Runtling had visited the Great Whale at Charing-Cross, and " thought little of it. " The Goliah spoke with wonder of the " vast extent of view from the top of the Monument. " The David was " disappointed by the prospect from Plinlimmon. " The Hurlothrumbo was " amazed by the grandeur of St. Paul's. " The Tom Thumb spoke slightly of St. Peter's at Rome. In theatricals their taste held the same mathematical proportion. Gog " must say he liked the Minors best. " The " Wee Thing " declared for the Majors. The Man-Moun-

tain's favourite was *Miss Foote* = twelve inches.
The Manikin preferred *Miss Cubitt* = eighteen.

The conversation, and the contrast, flourished in full flower through several stages, till we stopped to dine at the Salisbury Arms, and then—

The Folio took a chair at the ordinary—

The Duodecimo required “a room to himself.”

The Puppet bespoke a leg of mutton—

The Colossus ordered a mutton-chop.

The Imp rang the bell for the “the loaf”—

The Monster called for a roll.

A magnum of port was decanted for the Minimum.

A short pint of sherry was set before the Maximum.

We heard the Mite bellowing by himself, “The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!”

The Mammoth hummed “The Streamlet.”

The Tiny, we learned, was bound to Plimpton Magna.

The Huge, we found, was going to Plimpton Parva.

A hundred other circumstances have escaped from Memory through the holes that time has made in her sieve : but I remember distinctly, as we passed the bar in our passage outwards, that while

The Pigmy bussed the landlady—a buxom widow, fat, fair, and forty—

The Giant kissed her daughter—a child ten years old, and remarkably small for her age.



THE GREAT DESERT—HALT OF THE CARAVAN.

ODE

TO SPENCER PERCEVAL, ESQ., M.P.

OH Mr. Spencer!—
 I mean no offence, Sir—
 Retrencher of each trencher, man or woman's;
 Maker of days of ember,
 Eloquent member
 Of the House of Com—I mean to say short com-
 mons—
 Thou Long Tom Coffin singing out, " Hold Fast"—
 Avast!
 Oh Mr. Perceval, I'll bet a dollar, a
 Great growth of cholera,
 And new deaths reckon'd
 Will mark thy Lenten twenty-first and second.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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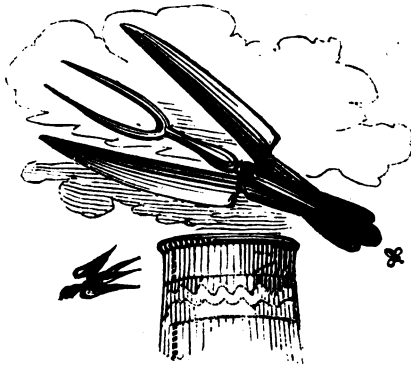
ASTOR, LENOX AND
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The best of our physicians, when they con it,
 Depose the malady is in the air :
 Oh, Mr. Spencer !—if the ill is there—
 Why should you bid the people live upon it ?

Why should you make discourses against courses :
 While Doctors, tho' they bid us rub and chafe,
 Declare, of all resources,
 The man is safest who gets in the safe ?
 And yet you bid poor suicidal sinners
 Discard their dinners,
 Thoughtless how Heav'n above will look upon't,
 For men to die so wantonly of want !

By way of a variety,
 Think of the ineffectual piety
 Of London's Bishop, at St. Faith's or Bride's,
 Lecturing such chameleon insides,
 Only to find
 He's preaching to the wind.

Whatever others do or don't,
I cannot—dare not—must not fast, and won't,
Unless by night your day you let me keep,
 And fast asleep ;
My constitution can't obey such censors :
 I must have meat
 Three times a day to eat,
 My health's of such a sort,—
 To say the truth, in short—
The *coats* of my stomach are not *Spencers* !



A BIRD FOR THE TABLE.

A LETTER FROM A SETTLER FOR LIFE

IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

To Mary, at No. 45 Mount Street Grosvenor Square.

Dear Mary

Littel did I Think wen I advertisd in the Tims for aanother Plaice of taking wan in Vandemin's land. But so it his and hear I am among Kangerooses and Savidges and other Forriners. But goverment offering to Yung Wimmin to Find them in Vittles and Drink and Close and Husbands was turms not be sneazed at, so I rit to the Outlandish Seckertary and he was so Kind as Grant.

Wen this cums to Hand go to Number 22 Pim-
pernel Plaice And mind and go betwixt Six and
sevin For your own Sake cos then the fammilys

Having Diner give my kind love to betty Housmad
and Say I am safe of my Journey to Forrin parts
And I hope master as never Mist the wine and
brought Them into trubble on My accounts. But
I did not Like to leav for Ever And Ever without
treeting my Friends and feller sèrvents and Drink-
ing to all their fairwells. In my Flury wen the
Bell rung I forgot to take My own Key out of
missis Tekaddy but I hope sum wan had the
thought And it is in Good hands but shall Be
obleeged to no. Lickwise thro my Loness of
Sperrits my lox of Hares quite went out of My
Hed as was prommist to Be giv to Gorge and
Willum and the too Futmen at the too Next dores
But I hop and Trust betty pacifid them with lox
of Her hone as I begd to Be dun wen I rit Her
from dover. O Mary wen I furst see the dover
Wite clifts out of site wat with squemishnes and
Felings I all most repentid givin England warning
And had douts if I was goin to better my self.
But the steward was verry kind tho I could make
Him no returns xcept by Dustin the ship for Him



A SQUALL AT LONG REACH.

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And helpin to wash up his dishes. Their was 50
moor Young Wimmin of us and By way of passing
tim We agreed to tell our Histris of our selves
taken by Turns But they all turnd out Alick we
had All left on account of Testacious masters And
crustacious Mississis and becos the Wurks was to
much For our Strenths but betwixt yew and Me
the reel truths was beeing Flirted with and un-
prommist by Perfidus yung men. With sich exampils
befour there Minds I wunder sum of them was
unprudent enuff to Lissen to the Salers whom are
coverd with Pitch but famus for Not stiking to
there Wurds. has for Me the Mate chose to be
verry Partickler wan nite Setting on a Skane of
Rops but I giv Him is Anser and lucky I did for
Am infourmd he as Got too more Marred Wives
in a state of Biggamy thank Goodness wan cau
marry in new Wurlds without mates. Since I have
bean in My pressent Sitation I have had between
too and three offers for My Hands and expex them
Evry day to go to fistcufs about Me this is sum
thing lick treeting Wimmin as Wimmin ought to

be treetid Nun of your sarsy Buchers and Backers
as brakes there Prommissis the sam as Pi Crust
wen its maid Lite and shivvry And then laffs in
Your face and say they can hav anny-Gal they lick
round the Square. I dont menshun nams but
Eddard as drives the Fancy bred will no Wat I
mean. As soon as ever the Botes rode to Land I
dont agrivate the Truth to say their was haf a
duzzin Bows apeace to Hand us out to shoar and
sum go so Far as say they was offered to thro
Specking Trumpits afore they left the Shipline.
Be that as it May or may Not I am tould We maid
a Verry pritty site all Wauking too and too in
our bridle wite Gownds with the Union Jacks afore
Us to pay humbel Respex to kernel Arther who
behaved verry Gentlemanly and Complementid us
on our Hansom apearences and Purlitely sed he
Wisht us All in the United States. the Salers
was so gallaunt as giv three chears wen We left
there Ship and sed if so be they had not Bean
without Canons they Wood have salutid us all
Round. Servents mite live Long enuff in Lon-

non without Being sich persons of Distinkshun.
For my hone Part, cumming amung strangers and
Pig in Pokes, prudence Dicktatid not to be askt
out At the verry furst cumming in howsumever All
is setteld And the match is aproved off by Kernel
Arther and the Brightish goverment, who as agreed
to giv me away. them wat I call Honners as we
used to Say at wist. Wan thing in My favers was
my voice and my noing the song of the Plane Gould
Ring witch the Van Demons had never Herd afore
I wood recummand all as meens cumming to Bring
as menny of the fashingable Songs and Ballets as
they Can—and to get sum nolliges of music as fort-
nately for me I was Abel to by meens of praxtising
on Missis Piney Forty wen the fammily Was at
ramsgit. of Coarse you and betty Will xpect Me to
indulge in Pearsonallitis about my intendid to tell
Yew wat he is lick he is Not at All lick Eddard
as driv the Fancy bred and Noboddy else yew No.
I wood send yew His picter Dun by himself only
its no more lick Him then Chork is to Cheas. In
spit of the Short Tim for Luv to take Roots I am

convinst he is verry Passionet of coarse As to his temper I cant Speek As yet as I hav not Tride it. O mary littel did I think too Munth ago of sending yew Brid Cake and Weddin favers wen I say this I am only Figgering in speach for Yew must Not look for sich Things from this Part of the Wurld I dont mean this by Way of discourridgement Wat I meen to Say is this If so be Yung Wimmin prefers a state of Silly Bessy they Had better remane ware they was Born but as far as Reel down rite Coarting and no nonsens is concernd This is the Plaice for my Munny a Gal has only to cum out hear And theirs duzzens will jump at her like Cox at Gusberris. it will Be a reel kindnes to say as Much to Hannah at 48 and Hester Brown and Peggy Oldfield and partickler poor Charlotte they needent Fear about being Plane for Yew may tell Them in this land Faces dont make stumblin Blox and if the Hole cargo was as uggly As sin Lots wood git marrid. Deer Mary if so Be you feel disposd to cum Out of Yourself I will aford evry Falicity towards your hapiness. I dont want to hurt your Felines



VAN DEMONS' LAND.

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but since the Cotchman as giv yew up I dont thihk
 Yew have annother String to your Bo to say no-
 think of Not being so young As yew was Ten Yeer
 ago and faces Will ware out as well as scrubbin
 brushes. theirs a verry nicee yung man is quit a
 Willin to offer to Yew providid you cum the verry
 Next vessle for He has Maid up his mind not to
 Wait beyond the Kupid and Sikey. as the Ship is on
 the Pint of Saling I cant rite Moor at present æcept
 for them has as shily shalyng sweat harts to Thret-
 ten with cumming to Vandemins And witch will
 soon sho wether its Cubbard love or true Love I
 hav seen Enuff of Bows droping in at supertime
 and falling out the next morning after borrowin
 Wans wags. Wen yew see anny Friends giv my
 Distant love to Them and say My being Gone to
 annother wurd dont impear my Memmery but I
 offen Thinks of Number 22 and the two Next Dores.
 yew may Disclose my matterymonial Prospex to
 betty as we hav allways had a Deal of Confidens.
 And I remane with the Gratest asurance

Your affexionat Frend

Susan Gale—as his to be Simco.

Marrid the yung Man as was to Hav waited for
but As yew hav never see one Annother trusts
will Not take Him to hart or abraade by Retu
Postesses he has behaved Perfickly honnerable
has got a verry United frend of his Hone
atacht to Yew in lew of Him. adew.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"If th' affairs of this world did not make us so sad,
"Twould be easy enough to be merry."

OLD SONG.

THERE is nothing but plague in this house!
There's the turbot is stole by the cat,
The Newfoundland has ate up the grouse,
And the haunch has been gnaw'd by a rat!
It's the day of all days when I wish'd
That our friends should enjoy our good cheer;
Mr. Wiggins—our dinner is dish'd—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Mr. Rudge has not call'd, but he will,
For his rates, church, and highway, and poor ;
And the butcher has brought in his bill—
Twice as much as the quarter before.
Little Charles is come home with the mumps,
And Matilda with measles, I fear ;
And I've taken two sov'reigns like dumps—
But I wish you a happy New Year !

Your poor brother is in the Gazette,
And your banker is off to New York ;
Mr. Bigsby has died in your debt,
And the " Wiggins " has founder'd near Cork.
Mr. Merrington's bill is come back ;
You are chosen to serve overseer ;
The new wall is beginning to crack—
But I wish you a happy New Year !

The best dinner-set's fall'n to the ground ;
The militia's call'd out, and you're drawn ;
Not a piece of our plate can be found,
But there's marks of men's feet on the lawn ;



" I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW EAR ! "

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Two anonymous letters have come,
That declare you shall die like a Weare ;
And it may—or may not—be a hum—
But I wish you a happy New Year !

The old lawsuit with Levy is lost ;
You are fined for not cleansing the street ;
And the water-pipe's burst with the frost,
And the roof lets the rain in and sleet.
Your old tenant at seventy-four
Has gone off in the night, with his gear,
And has taken the key of the door—
But I wish you a happy New Year !

There's the " Sun " and the " Phenix " to pay,
For the chimney has blaz'd like Old Nick ;
The new gig has been jamm'd by a dray,
And the old horse has taken to kick.
We have hardly a bushel of small,
And now coal is extravagant dear ;
Your great coat is stole out of the hall—
But I wish you a happy New Year !

The whole green-house is smash'd by the hail,
And the plants have all died in the night ;
The magnolia's blown down by the gale,
And the chimney looks far from upright ;
And—the deuce take the man from the shop,
That hung up the new glass chandelier !—
It has come, in the end, to one drop—
But I wish you a happy New Year !

There's misfortune wherever we dodge—
It's the same in the country and town ;
There's the porter has burn'd down his lodge,
While he went off to smoke at the Crown.
The fat butler makes free with your wine,
And the footman has drunk the strong beer,
And the coachman can't walk in a line—
But I wish you a happy New Year !

I have doubts if your clerk is correct—
There are hints of a mistress at Kew,
And some day he'll abscond, I expect ;
Mr. Brown has built out your back view ;



LODGE'S PORTRAITS.

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The new housemaid's the greatest of flirts—
She has men in the house, that is clear ;
And the laundress has pawn'd all your shirts—
But I wish you a happy New Year !

Your " Account of a Visit to Rome,"
Not a critic on earth seems to laud ;
And old Huggins is lately come home,
And will swear that your Claude isn't Claude ;
Your election is far from secure,
Though it's likely to cost very dear ;
You're come out in a caricature—
But I wish you a happy New Year !

You've been christen'd an ass in the Times,
And the Chronicle calls you a fool ;
And that dealer in boys, Dr. Ghrimes,
Has engaged the next house for a school ;
And the play-ground will run by the bow'r
That you took so much trouble to rear—
We shall never have one quiet hour—
But I wish you a happy New Year !

Little John will not take to his book,
He's come home black and blue from the cane ;
There's your uncle is courting his cook,
And your mother has married again !
Jacob Jones will be tried with his wife,
And against them you'll have to appear ;
If they're hung you'll be wretched for life—
But I wish you a happy New Year !



WRINGING OUT THE OLD EAR.



"THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D."

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RHYME AND REASON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COMIC ANNUAL.

SIR,

IN your last Annual you have given insertion to "A Plan for Writing Blank Verse in Rhyme;" but as I have seen no regular long poem constructed on its principles, I suppose the scheme did not take with the literary world. Under these circumstances I feel encouraged to bring forward a novelty of my own, and I can only regret that such poets as Chaucer and Cottle, Spenser and Hayley, Milton and Pratt, Pope and Pye, Byron and Batteredbee, should have died before it was invented.

The great difficulty in verse is avowedly the rhyme. Dean Swift says somewhere in his letters, "that a rhyme is as hard to find with him as a guinea,"—

and we all know that guineas are proverbially scarce among poets. The merest versifier that ever attempted a Valentine must have met with this Orson, some untameable savage syllable that refused to chime in with society. For instance, what poetical Foxhunter—a contributor to the *Sporting Magazine*—has not drawn all the covers of Beynard, Ceynard, Deynard, Feynard, Geynard, Heynard, Keynard, Leynard, Meynard, Neynard, Peynard, Queynard, to find a rhyme for Reynard? The spirit of the times is decidedly against Tithe; and I know of no tithe more oppressive than that poetical one, in heroic measure, which requires that every tenth syllable shall pay a sound in kind. How often the Poet goes up a line, only to be stopped at the end by an impracticable rhyme, like a bull in a blind alley! I have an ingenious medical friend, who might have been an eminent poet by this time, but the first line he wrote ended in *ipecacuanha*, and with all his physical and mental power, he has never yet been able to find a rhyme for it.



REFUSING TITHE.

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The plan I propose aims to obviate this hardship. My system is, to take the bull by the horns; in short, to try at first what words will chime, before you go farther and fare worse. To say nothing of other advantages, it will at least have one good effect,—and that is, to correct the erroneous notion of the would-be poets and poetesses of the present day, that the great *end* of poetry is rhyme. I beg leave to present a specimen of verse, which proves quite the reverse, and am, Sir;

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN GRUBB.

THE DOUBLE KNOCK.

Rat-tat it went upon the lion's chin,
 "That hat, I know it!" cried the joyful girl;
 "Summer's it is, I know him by his knock,
 Comers like him are welcome as the day!
 Lizzy! go down and open the street door,
 Busy I am to any one but *him*.

Know him you must—he has been often here;
Show him up stairs, and tell him I'm alone."

Quickly the maid went tripping down the stair;
Thickly the heart of Rose Matilda beat;
" Sure he has brought me tickets for the play—
Drury—or Covent Garden—darling man!—
Kemble will play—or Kean who makes the soul
Tremble; in Richard or the frenzied Moor—
Farren, the stay and prop of many a farce
Barren beside—or Liston, Laughter's Child—
Kelly the natural, to witness whom
Jelly is nothing to the public's jam—
Cooper, the sensible—and Walter Knowles
Super, in William Tell—now rightly told.
Better—perchance, from Andrews, brings a box,
Letter of boxes for the Italian stage—
Brocard! Donzelli! Taglioni! Paul!
No card,—thank heaven—engages me to-night!
Feathers, of course, no turban, and no toque—
Weather's against it, but I'll go in curls.
Dearly I dote on white—my satin dress,

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"THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON."

Merely one night—it won't be much the worse—
Cupid—the New Ballet I long to see—
Stupid! why don't she go and ope the door!"

Glisten'd her eye as the impatient girl
Listen'd, low bending o'er the topmost stair.
Vainly, alas! she listens and she bends,
Plainly she hears this question and reply:
"Axes your pardon, Sir, but what d'ye want?"
"Taxes," says he, "and shall not call again!"



DUE AT MICHAELMAS.

THE GHOST.

A very Serious Ballad.

“ I'll be your second.”—LISON.

IN Middle Row some years ago,
 There lived one Mr. Brown ;
 And many folks considered him,
 The stoutest man in town.

But Brown and stout will both wear out—
 One Friday he died hard,
 And left a widow'd wife to mourn,
 At twenty pence a yard.

Now widow B. in two short months
 Thought mourning quite a tax ;
 And wish'd, like Mr. Wilberforce,
 To *manumit* her blacks.



ACTED PROVERB.—“SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.”

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With Mr. Street she soon was sweet;
The thing thus came about:
She asked him in at home, and then
At church he asked her out!

Assurance such as this the man
In ashes could not stand;
So like a Phoenix he rose up
Against the Hand in Hand.

One dreary night the angry sprite
Appeared before her view;
It came a little after one,
But she was after two!

“Oh Mrs. B., oh Mrs. B.!

Are these your sorrow's deeds,
Already getting up a flame,
To burn your widow's weeds?

“It's not so long since I have left
For aye the mortal scene;
My Memory—like Rogers's,
Should still be bound in green!

“ Yet if my face you still retrace
I almost have a doubt—
I'm like an old Forget-Me-Not,
With all the leaves torn out!

“ To think that on that finger joint,
Another pledge should cling;
Oh Bess! upon my very soul,
It struck like ‘ Knock and Ring.’

“ A ton of marble on my breast
Can't hinder my return;
Your conduct, ma'am, has set my blood
A-boiling in my urn!

“ Remember, oh! remember, how
The marriage rite did run,—
If ever we one flesh should be
'Tis now—when I have none!

“ And you, Sir—once a bosom friend—
Of perjured faith convict,
As ghostly toe can give no blow,
Consider you are kick'd.

“ A hollow voice is all I have,
But this I tell you plain,
Marry come up!—you marry Ma'am,
And I'll come up again.”

More he had said, but chanticleer
The spritely shade did shock
With sudden crow, and off he went,
Like fowling-piece at cock!



COCK OF THE WALK.

SONNET.

"Dornton and Co. may challenge the world : the house of H
perhaps, excepted."—ROAD TO RUIN.

TIME was, I sat upon a lofty stool,
At lofty desk, and with a clerkly pen
Began each morning, at the stroke of ten,
To write in Bell and Co.'s commercial school ;
In Warnford Court, a shady nook and cool,
The favourite retreat of merchant men ;
Yet would my quill turn vagrant even then,
And take stray dips in the Castalian pool.
Now double entry—now a flowery trope—
Mingling poetic honey with trade wax—
Blogg, Brothers—Milton—Grote and Prescott
Pope—
Bristles—and Hogg—Glyn Mills and Halifax—
Rogers—and Towgood—Hemp—the Bard of H
Barilla—Byron—Tallow—Burns—and Flax !



THE WINNER OF THE LEDGER.

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BRUTUM FULMEN.

"A Report *on* the Farm of the Zoological Society at Kingston Hill. London, Taylor. March, 1832."

Two Reports of this Farm have been handed to the Editor of the Comic Annual—one forwarded by a Fellow of the Society, and the other by some Fellow unknown. The first Report is extremely well printed, and the second is extremely ill written; but facts are facts—and it is satisfactory to see (zoologically speaking) that the two statements pair so well, and lead to so extraordinary an issue. From the printed Report some elegant extracts

will be selected, and the Servant's letter, which appears to have been written in downright earnest, will follow in all its ungrammatical full-length.

It is curious to observe, that while the aristocracy of the present age is displaying its powers in the way of retrenchment, the Zoological Society does not show much breeding in its economy. Nothing can be more candid than the statements of the Committee and of the Complete Letter Writer, as to the failure in Goats, accommodations, and Black Swans; and considering that so much money is received at the doors through orders—a case unparalleled in other theatrical exhibitions—it is only to be wondered at that so little should be expended in, and so much should be suffered from the default of, mending gaps and broken rails, and widening coops and cages. There is something cruel and parsimonious, it must be confessed, in not letting the little Zebra have a shed to fit easily; and there has evidently been till lately no ecclesiastical court for properly separat-

ing the Kangaroos. It is not necessary to prolong these preliminary remarks, as the two accounts speak for themselves, and indeed for each other—as Dogberry says, “’Fore God they are both in a tale.” The “Report on the Farm” thus goes off:

“ A general view of the accommodations provided for the stock at the Farm seems a necessary preliminary to the account of the stock itself.”

* * *

“ The centre consists of nine large compartments, formed for the use of the large deer; in each of these have also been placed varieties of domestic fowls, which it was necessary to keep distinct. The want of other accommodation created the necessity of thus employing these places; but the experiment has proved inconvenient, and indeed some losses among the poultry have been the result.

* * *

“ Kangaroos.—Owing to the want of accommodation, it has been only within a short time, &c. &c.

* * *

“ Dogs.—The entire absence of proper buildings and yards has prevented any attempt, &c.

* * *

"Emus.—It is wished to try how they would go on, if left at large in an extensive enclosure.

* * *

"The completion of the fence, only a small interval in which remains, would have enabled them to give with safety an extensive range to some sorts of Deer, to Kangaroos, and to Emus; but they abandoned this plan, in consequence of the cost of the work.

* * *

"The Fezzan Sheep are still there; but the others have been disposed of or removed, as being either of little use or value—or from want of good accommodation.

* * *

"The want of accommodation has precluded trials of breeding doves, and some of the wild Pigeons.

* * *

"The Burchell's Zebras have bred successfully; a pair, male and female, were foaled last year, and are now in good health, although the male, from—the necessary confinement in regard to space, is very small.

* * *

"It is much to be wished that the different species of White Swans, especially those lately ascertained, should be induced to breed; but the size of the ponds at the Farm is not adapted to this purpose.

* * *

"The want of space which prevents the rearing Swans, occasions in some measure a similar difficulty as to Geese.

* * *

"Four of the ponds have been well enclosed;—but the fifth still remains with a very imperfect fence round it.

* * *

"Neither the ponds nor the supply of water have turned out so useful or so good as was originally expected.

* * *

"Exclusive of the person who had charge of the Windsor animals, the number was originally three; but it had been reduced to two, the inconvenience of which reduction was afterwards apparent.

* * *

"It is proper to observe, that the want of accommodation in some of the buildings, and also of attendants, has prevented in some instances so successful an issue to operations, &c. &c.

* * *

"Sambou Deer.—A pair of these came from Windsor: the female has bred, but she destroyed her calf.

* * *

"Zebus.—The stock of these animals has been much reduced.

* * *

" Goats.—Many of these animals were kept on the Farm; but they are so mischievous when they cannot be confined, that it became necessary to dispose of them.

* * *

" Rabbits.—A contagious disorder having been introduced into the stock, it became necessary in the beginning of last year to get rid of the whole.

* * *

" Turkeys.—The stock of these birds, which had been much increased, has been lately reduced.

* * *

" An experiment is also in progress with some young last year's birds, as to the improvement in their size and quality for the table.

* * *

Ducks.—They grow to a considerable size,—are known to be remarkably good for the table.

* * *

" It was the desire of the Committee to get males and females of all the species, as well as of the varieties of the common Pheasant.

* * *

" It is believed, from information collected by the Committee that the Indian Fowls, which have several other merits, will furnish the best flavoured poultry for the table.

* * *

" Bantams.—The Committee have, however, availed themselves of opportunities of obtaining, either cheaply or without expense, some good specimens of these birds, and they are desirous of getting more of them.

* * *

" Mules.—The consideration of expense has deterred the Committee, &c. &c.

* * *

" Black Swans.—No birds of this species could be procured except at a large cost; and the desire to have them was consequently abandoned.

* * *

" Aylesbury Ducks.—A stock of these has been obtained as nurses—and as a sample of what are considered the best variety of ducks for the table.

* * *

" An attempt was made last year with a pair of the Polish Swans, but they did not lay.

* * *

" Muscovy *Crosses*.—Though a pair has been kept for the trial, they have never laid any eggs.

* * *

" Cereopsis Geese—lay at an unseasonable period, and the number of their eggs is few.

* * *

“ Two years since, a quantity of Flounders, and also a quantity of Eels, of which an exact account is recorded, were turned into one of the ponds. The unwillingness to disturb the Aquatic Birds has prevented their state being looked into.

* * *

“ In conclusion, the Committee recommend a patient perseverance in one uniform system at the Farm, being fully convinced that unsteadiness of purpose, and frequent change of plan, are the certain means of preventing success.”



“ A REPORT ON THE FARM.”



A BULL OF EXCOMMUNICATION.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

A ZOOLOGICAL REPORT.

*To Harvey Williams, Esq., Regent's Terrace,
Portland Park.*

HONNERD SUR,

Being maid a Feller of the Zologogical Satiety,
and I may say by your Honner's meens, threw
the carrachter your Humbel was faverd with, and
witch provd sattisfacktry to the Burds and Bests,
considring I was well quailfid threw having Bean
for so menny hears Hed Guardner to your Hon-
ner, besids lookin arter the Pigs and Poltry. Begs
to axnolige my great fullness for the Sam, and
ham quit cumfittable and happy, sow much sow as
wen I ham among the Anymills to reckin myself
like Addam in Parodies, let alone my Velvoteens.

Honnerd Sur,—awar of your parshalty for Liv

Stox and Kettle Breeding, ham indust to faver with a Statment of wat is dun at the Farm, havin tacken provintial Noats wile I was at Kings-ton with a Pekin elefant for chainges of Hair. As respex a curacy beg to say, tho the Sectary drawd up his Report from his hone datums and memmorandusses, and never set his eyes on my M.E.S.S., yet we has tallys to our tails in the Mane.

Honnerd Sir,—I will sit out with the Qadripids, tho weave add the wust lux with them. Scarse anny of the Anymills with fore legs has moor nor one Carf. Has to the Wappity Dears, hits was then the Babby afore King Sollyman, for their his but one littel Dear betwin five femail she hinds. The Sambo Dear as was sent by Mr. Spring was so unnatral has to heat up her Forn and in consequins the Sing-Sing is of no use for lullabis. Has for the Corsichan hits moor Boney nor ever, But the Axis on innqueries as too littel Axes about a munth hold. The Neil Gow has increst one Carf, but their his no Foles to the Quaggys. Their his too littel Zebry but one as not rum to grow ; the

Report says, "the Mail Owen to the Necessary Confinement in regard to Spaiice is verry smal."

Honnerd Sur, the Satiety is verry rich in Assis, boath Commun assis and uncommun assis, and as the Report recumends will do my Inndever to git the Maltese Cross for your Honner. The Kangroses as reerd up a large smal fammily, but looks to be ill nust and not well put to there feat, and at the surjesting of a femail Feller too was put out to the long harmd Babboon to dry nus, but she was too voilent and dandeld the pure things to deth. The infunt Zebew is all so ded owen to Atempms with a backbord to prevent groing out of the sholders, boath parrents being defourmd with umphs; but the spin as is suposed was hert in the expearmint, and it sudenly desist. Mr. Wallack will be glad to here the Wallachian Sheap has add sicks lams, but one was pisend by eating the ewes in the garden witch is fattle to kattle. Has to Gots we was going on prospus in the Kiddy line, but the Billy Gots becum so vishus and did so menny butts a weak, we was obleeged to do away with the

Entire. As regard Rabbits a contagious disorder havin got into the Stox, we got rid of the Hole let alone one Do and Brewd, witch was all in good Helth up to Good Fridy wen the Mother brekfisted on her bunnis. The increas in the Groth of Hairs as bean maid an object, and the advice tacken of Mr. Prince and Mr. Roland, who recumendid Killin one of the Bares for the porpus of Greece. We hav a grate number of ginny pigs—their is moor then twenty of them in one Pound.

About Struthus Burds the Ostreaches is in perfic helth and full of Plums. The femail Hen lade too eggs wile the Committy was sittin and we hop they will atch, as we put them under a she Hemew as was sittin to Mr. Harvy. We propos breeding Busturds xept we hav not got a singel specieman of the specious. Galnatiuous Burds. I am sory to say The Curryso has not bread. Hits the moor disapinting as we consider these Birds as our Crax. We sucksided in razing a grate menny Turkys and some intresting expearimints was maid on them by the Committy and the Counsel on Cris-



FANCY PORTRAIT—RAMMOHUN ROY.

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mus day. Lickwise on Poltry Fouls with regard to there being of Utillity for the Tabel and "under the latter head" the report informs "sum results hav bean obtained witch air considered very satisfactory," but their will be more degested trials of the subjex as the Report says "the expeariments must be repetid in order to istablish the acuracy of the deduckshuns." Wat is remarkble the hens presented by Mr. Crockford hav not provd grate layers tho provided with a Better Yard and plenty of Turf. We hav indevoud to bread the grate Cok of the Wud onely we have no Wud for him to be Cok of—and now for aquotic Warter Burds we hav wite Swons but they hav not any cygnitures, and the Black is very unrisenable as to expens but Mr. Hunt has offerd to black one very lo on condishun hits not aloud to go into the Warter. The Polish swons wood hav bread onely they did not lay. The Satiety contanes a grate number of Gease and witch thrive all most as well as they wood on a comun farm and the Sam with Dux. We wonted to have dukelings from the Mandereen

Dux but they shook there Heds. Too cars a go a quantitty of flownders and also a quantitty of heals of witch an exact acount is recordid wear turned into one of the Ponds but there State as not bean looked into since they wear plaiced their out of unwillingnes to disturb the Hotter. At present their exists in one Pond a stock of Karps and in too others a number of Gould Fish of the commun Sort. The number left as bean correclly tacken and the ammount checkt by the Pellycanes and Herrins and Spunbills and Guls and other piskive-rous Burds. Looking at the hole of the Farm in one Pint of Vue we hav ben most suckcesful with Rabits and Poltry and Piggins and Ginny Pigs but the breeding of sich being well none to Skullboys, I beg as to their methodistical principals to refer your Honner to Master Gorge wen he cums home for the Holedays. I furgot to say the Parnassian Sheap was acomidated with a Pen to it self but produst nothin worth riting. But the attemps we hav maid this here, will be prosycutid next here with new Vigors.

Honnerd Sur,—their is an aggitating Skeam of witch I humbly aprove verry hiley. The plan is owen to sum of the Femail Fellers,—and that is to make the Farm a Farm Ornay. For instances the Buffloo and Fallo dears and cetra to have their horns Gildid and the Mufflons and Sheaps is to hav Pink ribbings round there nex. The munkys is to ware fancy dressis and the Ostreachs is to have their plums stuck in their heds, and the Pecox tales will be always spred out on fraim wurks like the hispaliers. All the Bares is to be tort to Dance to Wippert's Quadrils and the Lions mains is to be subjective to pappers and the curling-tongues. The Gould and silver Fesants is to be Pollisht evry day with Plait Powder and the Cammils and Drum-dearis and other defourmd anymills is to be paddid to hide their Crukidnes. Mr. Howerd is to file down the tusks of the wild Bores and Peckaris and the Spoons of the Spoonbills is to be maid as like the Kings Patten as possible. The elifunt will be himbelisht with a Suggest candid Castle maid by Gunter and the Flaminggoes will be toucht up with

French ruge and the Damisels will hav chaplits
of heartiftial Flours. The Sloath is proposd to
hav an ellegunt Stait Bed—and the Bever is to
ware one of Perren's lite Warter Proof Hats—and
the Balld Vulters baldnes will be hidid by a small
Whig from Trewfits. The Crains will be put into
trousirs and the Hippotomus tite laced for a waste.
Experience will dictait menny more imbellishing
modes, with witch I conclud that I am

Your Honners

Very obleeged and humbel former Servant,

STEPHEN HUMPHREYS.



CROSS'S ZEBRA.



CLARA FISHER AND LITTLE POOLE.

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A CHARITY SERMON.

'I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you ; and, believe me, I will shortly pay thee another visit ; but my friends, I fancy, wonder at my stay ; so let me have the money immediately.' Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, 'Thou dost not intend to rob me ?'

* * * *

'I would have thee know, friend,' addressing himself to Adams, 'I shall not learn my duty from such as thee. I know what charity is, better than to give to vagabonds.'

JOSEPH ANDREWS.

I'm an extremely charitable man—no collar and long hair, though a little carrotty ;
Demure, half-inclined to the unknown tongues, but
I never gain'd anything by Charity.

I got a little boy into the Foundling, but his unfortunate mother was traced and baited,
And the overseers found *her* out—and she found *me* out—and the child was affiliated.
Oh, Charity will come home to roost—
Like curses and chickens is Charity.

I once, near Whitehall's very old wall, when ballads danc'd over the whole of it,
Put a bad five-shilling-piece into a beggar's hat, but the old hat had got a hole in it;
And a little boy caught it in his little hat, and an officer's eye seem'd to care for it,
As my bad crown piece went through *his* bad crown piece, and they took me up to Queen's Square for it.

Oh, Charity, &c.

I let my very old (condemn'd) old house to a man,
at a rent that was shockingly low,
So I found a roof for his ten motherless babes—all defunct and fatherless now ;



BLIND TO HIS OWN INTEREST.

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For the plaguy one-sided party-wall fell in, so did
the roof, on son and daughter,
And twelve jurymen sat on eleven bodies, and
brought in a very personal verdict of Man-
slaughter.

Oh, Charity, &c.

I pick'd up a young well-dress'd gentleman, who
had fallen in a fit in St. Martin's Court,
And charitably offer'd to see him home—for charity
always seem'd to be my forte,
And I've had presents for seeing fallen gentlemen
home, but this was a very unlucky job—
Do you know, he got my watch—my purse—and
my handkerchief—for it was one of the swell
mob.

Oh, Charity, &c.

Being four miles from Town, I stopt a horse that
had run away with a man, when it seem'd that
they must be dash'd to pieces,
Though several kind people were following him

with all their might—but such following a horse
his speed increases;

I held the horse while he went to recruit his
strength; and I meant to ride home, of course;
But the crowd came up and took me up—for it
turn'd out the man had run away with the
horse.

Oh, Charity, &c.

I watch'd last month all the drovers and drivers
about the suburbs, for it's a positive fact,
That I think the utmost penalty ought always to be
enforc'd against everybody under Mr. Martin's
act;

But I couldn't catch one hit over the horns, or over
the shins, or on the ears, or over the head;
And I caught a rheumatism from early wet hours,
and got five weeks of ten swell'd fingers in bed.

Oh, Charity, &c.

Well, I've utterly done with Charity, though I us'd
so to preach about its finest fount;

Charity may do for some that are more lucky,
but *I* can't turn it to any account—

It goes so the very reverse way—even if one chir-
rups it up with a dust of piety ;

That henceforth let it be understood, I take my
name entirely out of the List of the Subscribers
to the Humane Society.

For Charity, &c.



FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

THE BOY AT THE NORE!

“ Alone I did it!—Boy !”—CORIOLANUS.

I SAY, little Boy at the Nore,
 Do you come from the small Isle of Man ?
 Why, your history a mystery must be,—
 Come tell us as much as you can,
 Little Boy at the Nore !

You live it seems wholly on water,
 Which your Gambier calls living in clover ;—
 But how comes it, if that is the case,
 You're eternally half seas over,—
 Little Boy at the Nore ?

While you ride—while you dance—while you float—
 Never mind your imperfect orthography ;—



THE ISLE OF MAN.

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But give us as well as you can,
Your watery auto-biography,
Little Boy at the Nore !

LITTLE BOY AT THE NORE LOQUITUR.

I'm the tight little Boy at the Nore,
In a sort of sea negus I dwells;
Half and half 'twixt saltwater and Port,—
I'm reckon'd the first of the swells—
I'm the Boy at the Nore !

I lives with my toes to the flounders,
And watches through long days and nights ;
Yet, cruelly eager, men look—
To catch the first glimpse of my lights—
I'm the Boy at the Nore.

I never gets cold in the head,
So my life on salt water is sweet,—
I think I owes much of my health,
To being well used to wet feet—
As the Boy at the Nore.

There's one thing I'm never in debt,
Nay!—I liquidates more than I *oughter*; *
So the man to beat Cits as goes by,
In keeping the head above water,
Is the Boy at the Nore.

I've seen a good deal of distress,
Lots of Breakers in Ocean's Gazette;
They should do as I do—rise o'er all;
Aye, a good floating capital get,
Like the Boy at the Nore.

I'm a'ter the sailor's own heart,
And cheers him, in deep water rolling;
And the friend of all friends to Jack Junk,
Ben Backstay, Tom Pipes, and Tom Bowling,
Is the Boy at the Nore!

Could I e'er but grow up, I'd be off
For a week to make love with my wheedles;

* A word caught from some American Trader in passing.



THE BUOY AT THE NORE.

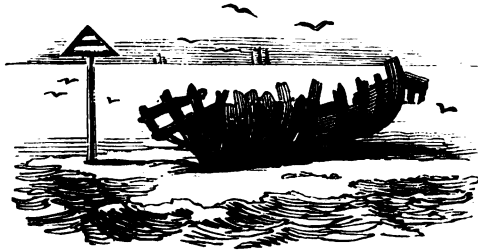
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

If the tight little Boy at the Nore
Could but catch a nice girl at the Needles,
We'd have *two* at the Nore !

They thinks little of sizes on water,
On big waves the tiny one skulks,—
While the river has Men of War on it—
Yes—the Thames is oppress'd with Great Hulks,
And the Boy's at the Nore !

But I've done—for the water is heaving
Round my body, as though it would sink it!
And I've been so long pitching and tossing,
That sea-sick—you'd hardly now think it—
Is the Boy at the Nore !



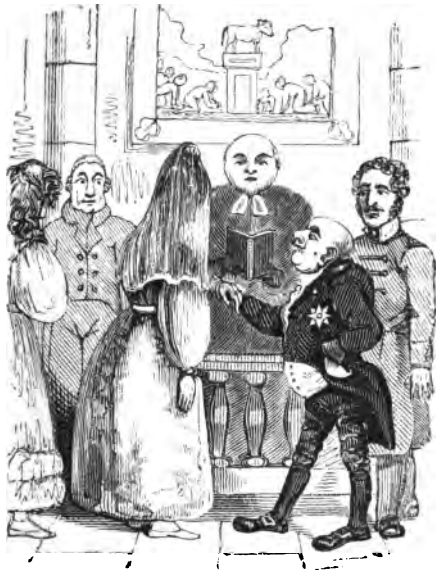
AS SAFE AS THE BANK.

THERE'S NO ROMANCE IN THAT!

“ So while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all; behold, my hopes are to be crushed at once, by my aunt’s consent and approbation, and I am myself the only dupe. But here, Sir,— here is the picture !”

LYDIA LANGUISE.

O DAYS of old, O days of Knights,
 Of tourneys and of tilts,
 When love was baulk’d and valour stalk’d
 On high heroic stilts—
 Where are ye gone?—adventures cease,
 The world gets tame and flat,—
 We’ve nothing now but New Police—
 There’s no Romance in that.



A POLITICAL UNION.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

I wish I ne'er had learn'd to read,
Or Radclyffe how to write ;
That Scott had been a boor on Tweed,
And Lewis cloister'd quite !
Would I had never drunk so deep
Of dear Miss Porter's vat ;
I only turn to life, and weep—
There's no Romance in that !

No Bandits lurk—no turban'd Turk
To Tunis bears me off—
I hear no noises in the night :
Except my mother's cough,—
No Bleeding Spectre haunts the house,
No shape,—but owl or bat,
Come flitting after moth or mouse,—
There's no Romance in that !

I have not any grief profound,
Or secrets to confess,
My story would not fetch a pound
For A. K. Newman's press ;

Instead of looking thin and pale,
I'm growing red and fat,
As if I lived on beef and ale—
There's no Romance in that!

It's very hard, by land or sea
Some strange event I court,
But nothing ever comes to me
That's worth a pen's report:
It really made my temper chafe,
Each coast that I was at,
I vow'd, and rail'd, and came home safe,—
There's no Romance in that?

The only time I had a chance
At Brighton one fine day,
My chestnut mare began to prance,
Took fright, and ran away;
Alas! no Captain of the Tenth
To stop my steed came pat;
A Butcher caught the rein at length,—
There's no Romance in that!

Love—even love—goes smoothly on
A railway sort of track—
No flinty sire, no jealous Don !
No hearts upon the rack ;
No Polidore, no Theodore—
His ugly name is Mat,
Plain Matthew Pratt and nothing more—
There's no Romance in that !

He is not dark, he is not tall,—
His forehead's rather low,
He is not pensive—not at all,
But smiles his teeth to show ;
He comes from Wales and yet in size
Is really but a sprat ;
With sandy hair and greyish eyes—
There's no Romance in that !

He wears no plumes or Spanish cloaks,
Or long sword hanging down ;
He dresses much like other folks,
And commonly in brown ;

His collar he will not discard,
Or give up his cravat,
Lord Byron-like—he's not a Bard—
There's no Romance in that!

He's rather bald, his sight is weak,
He's deaf in either drum;
Without a lisp he cannot speak,
But then—he's worth a plum.
He talks of stocks and three per cents
By way of private chat,
Of Spanish Bonds, and shares, and rents,—
There's no Romance in that!

I sing—no matter what I sing,
Di Tanti—or Crudel,
Tom Bowling, or God save the King,
Di piacer—All's well;
He knows no more about a voice
For singing than a gnat—
And as to Music “has no choice,”—
There's no Romance in that!



TOM BOWLING.

Of light guitar I cannot boast,
He never serenades ;
He writes, and sends it by the post,
He doesn't bribe the maids :
No stealth, no hempen ladder—no !
He comes with loud rat-tat,
That startles half of Bedford Row—
There's no Romance in that !

He comes at nine in time to choose
His coffee—just two cups,
And talks with Pa about the news,
Repeats debates, and sups.
John helps him with his coat aright,
And Jenkins hands his hat ;
My lover bows, and says good night—
There's no Romance in that !

I've long had Pa's and Ma's consent,
My aunt she quite approves,
My Brother wishes joy from Kent,
None try to thwart our loves ;

On Tuesday reverend Mr. Mace
Will make me Mrs. Pratt,
Of Number Twenty, Sussex Place—
There's no Romance in that!



SOMETHING ABOVE THE COMMON.



SHROVETIDE—SHYING AT A COCK.



THE WOODEN LEG.

“Peregrine and Gauntlet heard the sound of the stump ascending the wooden staircase with such velocity, that they at first mistook it for the application of drum-sticks to the head of an empty barrel.”—PEREGRINE PICKLE.

EVER since the year 1799, I have had, in the coachman phrase, an off leg and a near one; the right limb, thanks to a twelve-pounder, lies somewhere at Seringapatam, its twin-brother being at this moment under a table at Brighton. In plain English, I have a wooden leg. Being thus deprived of half the implements for marching, I equitably retired, on half-pay, from a marching regiment, and embarked what remained of my body for the land of its nativity, literally fulfilling the descrip-

tion of man, "with one foot on sea and one on shore," in the Shakspearian song.

A great deal has been said and sung of our wooden walls and hearts of oak, but legs of ditto make but an inglorious figure on the ocean. No wrestler from Cornwall or Devonshire ever received half so many fair back-falls as I, the least roll of the vessel—and the equinoctial gales were in full blow—making me lose, I was going to say, my feet. I might have walked in a dead calm, and as a soldier accustomed to exercise, and moreover a foot soldier, and used to walking, I felt a great inclination to pace up and down the deck, but a general protest from the cabins put an end to my promenade. As Lear recommends, my wooden hoof ought to have been "shod with felt."

At last the voyage terminated, and in my eagerness to land, I got into a fishing-boat, which put me ashore at Dungeness. Those who have enjoyed a ramble over its extensive shingle, will believe that I soon obtained abundance of exercise in walking with a wooden leg among its loose pebbles; in fact,



THE EQUINOX.

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when I arrived at Lydd, I was, as the cricketers say, "stumped out." It was anything but one of Foote's farces.

The next morning saw me in sight of home,—as a provincial bard says—

"But when home gleams upon the wanderer's eye,
Quicken his steps—he almost seems to fly."

But I wish he had seen me doing my last half mile over Swingfield Hill. I found its deep sand anything but a quicksand, in spite of a distinct glimpse of the paternal roof. I am convinced, when "Fleet Camilla scours the plain," she does not do it with sand. At last I stood at the lodge-gate, which opened, and let me into a long avenue, the path of which had been newly gravelled, but not well rolled; accordingly, I cut out considerable work for myself and the gardener, who, as he watched the holes I picked in his performance, seemed to look on my advance much as Apollyon did on Pilgrim's Progress. By way of relief, I got upon the grass, but my wooden leg, though it was a

black-leg, did not thrive much upon the turf. Arrived at the house door, filial anxiety caused me to forget to scrape and wipe, and I proceeded to make a fishy pattern of soles and dabs up the stair carpet. The good wife in the Scotch song says—

“His very foot has music in’t,
As he comes up the stair.”

If there was any music in mine, it was in the stump, which played a sort of “Dead March in Saul,” up to the landing-place, where the sound and sight of my Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane threw my poor mother into a Macbeth fit of horror, for the preparatory letter which should have broken my leg to her, had been lost on its passage. As for my father, I will not attempt to describe his transport, for I came upon him,

“As fools rush in where angels fear to tread;”

and Gabriel or Michael would not have escaped a volley for treading on his gouty foot. At the same moment, Margaret and Louisa, with sisterly impetuosity, threw themselves on my neck, and not

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being attentive to my "outplay or loose leg," according to Sir Thomas Parkyn's "Instructions for Wrestling," the result was a "hanging trippet." "A hanging trippet is when you put your toe behind your adversary's heel, on the same side, with a design to hook his leg up forwards, and throw him on his back."

The reader will guess my satisfaction when night came, and allowed me to rid myself of my unlucky limb. Fatigued with my walk through dry sand and wet gravel, exhausted by excessive emotion, and, maybe, a little flustered by dipping into the cup of welcome, I literally tumbled into bed, and was soon dreaming of running races and leaping for wagers, galloping, waltzing, and other feats of a biped, when I was suddenly aroused by shrill screams of "Thieves!" and "Murder!" with a more hoarse call for "Frank! Frank!" There were burglars, in fact, in the house, who were packing and preparing to elope with the family plate, without the consent of parents. It was natural for the latter to call a son and a soldier to

the rescue, but son or soldier never came in time to start for the plate; not that I wanted zeal or courage, or arms, but I wanted that unlucky limb, and I groped about a full half hour in the dark, before I could lay my hand upon my leg.

The next morning I took a solitary stroll before breakfast to look at the estate; but during my absence abroad, some exchanges of land had taken place with our neighbour, Sir Theophilus. The consequence was, in taking my wood through a wood of his,—but which had formerly been our own,—and going with my “best leg foremost,” as a man in my predicament always does, I popped it into a man-trap. Thus my timber failed me at a pinch when it might really have stood my friend. Luckily the trap was one of the humane sort;—but it was far from pleasant to stand in it for two hours calling out for Leg Bail.

I could give many more instances of scrapes, besides the perpetual hobble which my wooden leg brought me into, but I will mention only one. At the persuasion of my friends, a few years ago I

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stood for Rye, but the electors, perhaps, thought I only half stood for it, for they gave me nothing but split votes. It was perhaps as well that I did not go into the House, for with two such odd legs I could never properly have "paired off." The election expenses, however, pressed heavily on my pocket, and to defray them, and all for one Wooden Leg, I had to cut down some thousand loads of timber.



"PEGGING TWO FOR HIS HEELS."

A FOXHUNTER

Is a jumble of paradoxes. He sets forth clean though he comes out of a kennel, and returns home dirty. He cares not for cards, yet strives to be always with the pack. He loves fencing, but without carte or tierce ; and delights in a steeple chase, though he does not follow the church. He is anything but litigious, yet is fond of a certain suit, and retains Scarlet. He keeps a running account with Horse, Dog, Fox, and Co., but objects to a check. As to cards, in choosing a pack he prefers Hunt's. In Theatricals, he favours Miss Somerville, because her namesake wrote the Chase, though he never read it. He is no great Dancer, though he is fond of casting off twenty couple ; and no great Painter,



BARKERS' PANORAMA.

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though he draws covers, and seeks for a brush. He is no Musician, and yet is fond of five bars. He despises Doctors, yet follows a course of bark. He professes to love his country, but is perpetually crossing it. He is fond of strong ale and beer, yet dislikes any purl. He is good-tempered, yet so far a Tartar as to prefer a saddle of Horse to a saddle of Mutton. He is somewhat rough and bearish himself, but insists on good breeding in horses and dogs. He professes the Church Catechism, and countenances heathen dogmas, by naming his hounds after Jupiter and Juno, Mars and Diana. He cares not for violets, but he doats on a good scent. He says his Wife is a shrew, but objects to destroying a Vixen. In Politics he inclines to Pitt, and runs after Fox. He is no milk-sop, but he loves to Tally. He protects Poultry, and preserves Foxes. He follows but one business, and yet has many pursuits. He pretends to be knowing, but a dog leads him by the nose. He is as honest a fellow as need be, yet his neck is oftener in danger than a thief's. He swears he can clear

anything, but is beaten by a fog. He is no landlord of houses, but is particular about fixtures. He studies "Summering the Hunter," but goes Hunting in the Winter. He esteems himself prosperous, and is always going to the dogs. He delights in the Hunter's Stakes, but takes care not to stake his hunter. He praises discretion, but would rather let the cat out of the bag than a fox. He does not shine at a human conversazione, but is great among dogs giving tongue. To conclude, he runs as long as he can, and then goes to earth, and his Heir is in at his death. But his Heir does not stand in his shoes, for he never wore anything but boots.



NECK OR NOTHING.



"STAND AND DELIVER."

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ODE

TO ADMIRAL LORD GAMBIER, G.C.B.

“ Well, if you reclaim such as Hood, your Society will deserve
the thanks of the country,”

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY'S HERALD, VOL. 1, NO. 1, P. 8.

“ My father, when last I from Guinea
Came home with abundance of wealth,
Said, ‘ Jack, never be such a ninny
As to drink—’ says I, ‘ Father, your health ! ’ ”
NOTHING LIKE GROG.

I.

OH! Admiral Gam—I dare not mention *bier*
In such a temperate ear,—
Oh! Admiral Gam—an Admiral of the Blue,
Of course to read the Navy List aright,
For strictly shunning wine of either hue,
You can't be Admiral of the Red or White :—
Oh, Admiral Gam! consider ere you call
On merry Englishmen to wash their throttles
With water only; and to break their bottles

To stick, for fear of trespass, on the wall
Of Exeter Hall!

II.

Consider, I beseech, the contrariety
Of cutting off our brandy, gin, and rum,
And then, by tracts, inviting us to come
And “*mix* in your society!”
In giving rules to dine, or sup, or lunch,
Consider Nature’s ends before you league us
To strip the Isle of Rum of all its punch—
To dock the Isle of Mull of all its negus—
Or doom—to suit your milk-and water view—
The Isle of Sky to nothing but sky-blue!

III.

Consider—for appearance’ sake—consider
The sorry figure of a spirit-ridder,
Going on this crusade against the sutler;
A sort of Hudibras—without a Butler!

IV.

Consider—ere you break the ardent spirits
Of father, mother, brother, sister, daughter;



PUBLIC SPIRIT.

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What are your beverage's washy merits?
 Gin may be low—but I have known low-water!

v.

Consider well, before you thus deliver,
 With such authority, your sloppy canon;
 Should British tars taste nothing but the *river*,
 Because the *Chesapeake* once fought the *Shannon*?

vi.

Consider too—before all Eau-de-vie,
 Schedam, or other drinkers, you rebut—
 To bite a bitten dog all curs agree;
 But who would cut a man because he's *cut*?

vii.

Consider—ere you bid the poor to fill
 Their murmuring stomachs with the “murmuring
 rill,”—
 Consider that their streams are not like ours,
 Reflecting heav'n, and margin'd by sweet flow'rs;
 On their dark pools by day no sun reclines,
 By night no Jupiter, no Venus shines;

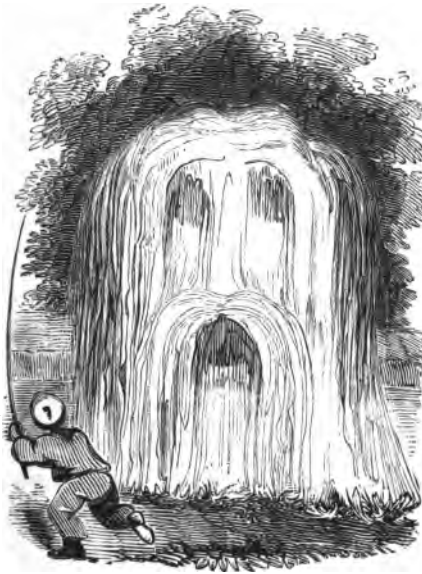
Consider life's sour taste, that bids them mix
 Rum with their Acheron, or gin with Styx:
 If you must pour out water to the poor, oh!
 Let it be *aqua d'oro*!

VIII.

Consider—ere as furious as a griffin,
 Against a glass of grog you make such work,
 A man may like a stiff'un,
 And yet not be a Burke!

IX.

Consider, too, before you bid all skinkers
 Turn water-drinkers,
 What sort of fluid fills their native rivers;
 Their Mudiboo's, and Niles, and Guadalquiver
 How should you like, yourself, in glass or mug
 The Bog—the Bug—
 The Maine—the Weser—or that freezer, Neva!
 Nay, take the very rill of classic ground—
 Lord Byron found
 Ev'n Castaly the better for Geneva



FANCY PORTRAIT—THE NEW RIVER HEAD.

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X.

Consider—if to vote Reform's arrears,
His Majesty should please to make you peers,
Your titles would be very far from trumps,
To figure in a book of blue and red :—
The Duke of Draw-well—what a name to dread !
Marquis of Main-pipe ! Earl New-River-Head !
And Temperance's chief, the Prince of Pumps !



THE BOTTLE IMP.

OUR VILLAGE.

“ Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.”

GOLDSMITH.

I HAVE a great anxiety to become a topographer, and I do not know that I can make an easier commencement of the character, than by attempting a description of our village. It will be found, as my friend the landlord over the way says, that “ things are drawn *mild*.”

I live opposite the Green Man. I know that to be the sign, in spite of the picture, because I am told of the fact in large gilt letters, in three several places. The whole-length portrait of “ *l’homme*

verd" is rather imposing. He stands plump before you, in a sort of wrestling attitude, the legs standing distinctly apart, in a brace of decided boots, with dun tops, joined to a pair of creole-coloured leather breeches. The rest of his dress is peculiar; the coat, a two flapper, green and brown, or, as they say at the tap, *half-and-half*; a cocked hat on the half cock; a short belt crossing the breast like a flat gas-pipe. The one hand stuck on the greeny-brown hip of my friend, in the other a gun with a barrel like an entire butt, and the butt like a brewer's whole stock. On one side, looking up at the vanished visage of his master, is all that remains of a liver-and-white pointer—seeming now to be some old dog from India, for his white complexion is turned yellow, and his liver is more than half gone!

The inn is really a very quiet, cozy, comfortable inn, though the landlord announces a fact in larger letters, methinks, than his information warrants, viz., that he is "*Licensed to deal in Foreign Wines and Spirits.*" All innkeepers, I trust, are so

licensed; there is no occasion to make so brazen a brag of this sinecure permit.

* * * *

I had written thus far, when the tarnished gold letters of the Green Man seemed to be suddenly re-gilt; and on looking upwards, I perceived that a sort of sky-light had been opened in the clouds, giving entrance to a bright gleam of sunshine, which glowed with remarkable effect on a yellow post chaise in the stable-yard, and brought the ducks out beautifully white from the black horse-pond. Tempted by the appearance of the weather, I put down my pen, and strolled out for a quarter of an hour before dinner to inhale that air, without which, like the chameleon, I cannot feed. On my return, I found, with some surprise, that my papers were a good deal discomposed; but, before I had time for much wonder, my landlady entered with one of her most obliging curtseys, and observed that she had seen me writing in the morning, and it had occurred to her by chance, that I might by possibility have been writing a description

of the village. I told her that I had actually been engaged on that very subject. "If that is the case, of course, Sir, you would begin, no doubt, about the Green Man, being so close by; and, I dare say, you would say something about the sign, and the Green Man with his top boots, and his gun, and his Indian liver-and-white pointer, though his white to be sure is turned yellow, and his liver is more than half gone." "You are perfectly right, Mrs. Ledger," I replied, "and in one part of the description, I think I have used almost your own very words." "Well, that is curious, Sir," exclaimed Mrs. L., and physically, not arithmetically, casting up all her hands and eyes. "Moreover, what I mean to say, is this; and I only say that to save trouble. There's a young man lodges at the Green Grocer's way, who has writ an account of the village already to your hand. The people about the place call him the Poet, but, any how, he studies a good deal, and writes beautiful; and, as I said before, has made the whole village out of his own head,

Now, it might save trouble, Sir, if you was to
it out, and I am sure I have a copy, that, as f
the loan goes, is at your service, Sir." My curi
induced me to take the offer; and as the
really forestalled what I had to say of the Ha
I took my landlady's advice and transcribed
and here it is.

OUR VILLAGE.—BY A VILLAGER.

Our village, that's to say not Miss Mitford's vi
but our village of Bullock Smithy,
Is come into by an avenue of trees, three
pollards, two elders, and a withy;
And in the middle, there's a green of abou
exceeding an acre and a half;
It's common to all, and fed off by nineteen
six ponies, three horses, five asses, two
seven pigs, and a calf!
Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a si
sort of common law lease,
And contains twenty ducks, six drakes,



THE LADY OF "OUR VILLAGE,"

THE ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN LIBRARY
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ganders, two dead dogs, four drown'd kittens,
and twelve geese.

Of course the green's cropt very close, and does
famous for bowling when the little village
boys play at cricket;

Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass
is sure to come and stand right before the
wicket.

There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns and
workshops, and pig-styes, and poultry huts,
and such like sheds;

With plenty of public-houses—two Foxes, one
Green Man, three Bunch of Grapes, one
Crown, and six King's Heads.

The Green Man is reckon'd the best, as the only
one that for love or money can raise

A postilion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame
white horses, and a ramshackled "neat post-
chaise."

There's one parish church for all the people,
whatsoever may be their ranks in life or
their degrees,

Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing-
little Methodist Chapel of Ease ;
And close by the church-yard, there's a st
mason's yard, that when the time is season
Will furnish with afflictions sore and marble
and cherubims very low and reasonable.
There's a cage, comfortable enough ; I've been
with Old Jack Jeffrey and Tom Pike ;
For the Green Man next door will send you in
gin, or anything else you like.
I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remain
them but the upright post ;
But the pound is kept in repairs for the sake
Cob's horse, as is always there almost.
There's a smithy of course, where that queer
of a chap in his way, Old Joe Bradley,
Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he st
and shoes horses very badly.
There's a shop of all sorts, that sells everyth
kept by the widow of Mr. Task ;
But when you go there it's ten to one she's on
everything you ask.

You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like
flies, about the old sugary cask :

There are six empty houses, and not so well paper'd
inside as out,

For bill-stickers won't beware, but sticks notices of
sales and election placards all about.

That's the Doctor's with a green door, where the
garden pots in the windows is seen ;

A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead
geranium, and a tea-plant with five black leaves
and one green.

As for hollyoaks at the cottage doors, and honey-
suckles and jasmines, you may go and whistle ;

But the Tailor's front garden grow two cabbages,
a dock, a ha'porth of pennyroyal, two dande-
lions, and a thistle.

There are three small orchards—Mr. Busby's the
schoolmaster's is the chief—

With two pear-trees that don't bear ; one plum and
an apple, that every year is stripped by a thief.

There's another small day-school too, kept by the
respectable Mrs. Gaby,

A select establishment, for six little boys and one
big, and four little girls and a baby ;
There's a rectory, with pointed gables and strange
odd chimneys that never smokes,
For the rector don't live on his living like other
Christian sort of folks ;
There's a barber's, once a-week well filled with
rough black-bearded shock-headed churls,
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and
two masculine ladies in false curls ;
There's a butcher's, and a carpenter's, and a plum-
ber's, and a small green-grocer's, and a baker,
But he won't bake on a Sunday, and there's a
sexton that's a coal-merchant besides, and an
undertaker ;
And a toy-shop, but not a whole one, for a village
can't compare with the London shops ;
One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, batts,
Clout's balls, and the other sells malt and hops.
And Mrs. Brown, in domestic economy not to be a
bit behind her betters,
Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-

catcher, a cobbler, lives in it herself, and
it's the post-office for letters.

Now I've gone through all the village—aye, from
end to end, save and except one more house,
But I haven't come to that—and I hope I never
shall—and that's the Village Poor-House!



LOOKING UP TO THE OVERSEER.

THE CIGAR.

“ Here comes Mr. Puff.”—THE CRITIC.

“ I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd.”

MOORE.

SOME sigh for this and that,
My wishes don't go far,
The world may wag at will,
So I have my cigar.

Some fret themselves to death
With Whig and Tory jar;
I don't care which is in,
So I have my cigar.



THE EVENING PAPERS.

Sir John requests my vote,
And so does Mr. Marr ;
I don't care how it goes,
So I have my cigar.

Some want a German row,
Some wish a Russian war ;
I care not—I'm at peace,
So I have my cigar.

I never see the Post,
I seldom read the Star ;
The Globe I scarcely heed,
So I have my cigar.

They tell me that Bank Stock
Is sunk much under par ;
It's all the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

Honours have come to men
My juniors at the Bar ;
No matter—I can wait,
So I have my cigar.

Ambition frets me not ;
A cab or glory's car
Are just the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

I worship no vain Gods,
But serve the household Lar ;
I'm sure to be at home,
So I have my cigar.

I do not seek for fame,
A General with a scar ;
A private let me be,
So I have my cigar.

To have my choice among
The toys of life's bazaar,
The deuce may take them all,
So I have my cigar.

Some minds are often tost
By tempests like a tar ;
I always seem in port,
So I have my cigar.

The ardent flame of love
My bosom cannot char,
I smoke, but do not burn
So I have my cigar.

They tell me Nancy Low,
Has married Mr. R. ;
The jilt ! but I can live,
So I have my cigar.



THE MAIN PIPE.

A LAWYER'S LETTER.

To Mr. Richard Walton, 32, Lincoln's Inn.

DEAR DICK,

IN re Pedro.—Pike, Row, Badgery, and Crump, Mr. Theodore Hook's attorneys, offered three years ago, and continued the allowance up to last Easter Term, to give me, with unexampled liberality, eighteen shillings per week as copying clerk, and to undertake the management of the Common Law—attend to the Chancery Department—do the out-door business—make out Bills of Costs—and make myself generally useful—which I have been doing as long as my health permitted. Not being strong, though with an attachment to

the profession, I have been compelled to withdraw my record, and to sue out a Writ of Certiorari to carry my line of life into another court. Hearing that Don Pedro was about to bring an action against Don Miguel and Company, and that lots of John Doe's and Richard Roe's were wanted, I took a retainer from an agent of the great Portuguese professional gentleman, and have really embarked in the cause. Being out here on the circuit, as one might call it, (Mr. Chief Justice Sartorius goes it) and knowing the interest you take in my verdicts, I shall write at intervals the particulars of Plaintiff's demand, and account of set-off on the part of the enemy's fleet, or Defendant. Pray call on Mr. Wilson, the Common Law Clerk at Pyke, Row, and Co., and tell him I have four hours to myself and a chance of being paid, but do this if possible without the knowledge of the Principals. White of the same office, when I enlisted, was to have taken the benefit of the act, but on mustering at Gravesend, he did not attend the roll call, and was struck off the Rolls. I can't but say, putting Truth

on her oath in the Admiralty Court, that when the Blue Peter gave legal notice to quit, I felt some regret at leaving a land where I might have been, so to speak, a tenant at will. Nor was it much better when I came to the Nore. I heartily wished, with Mr. Matthews, that if Britannia does rule the waves, she would rule them even; but it was "rule refused." The sea ran very rough, and you will understand me when I say I took nothing by my motion. There was the thought of my mother, besides, and the numberless feelings for which, though matters of every-day practice, it is difficult to shew cause.

You remember Sugden with Hart & Co., and will not be surprised to hear that he volunteered to convince Don Miguel of his defective title. A few hours, however, sufficed to disgust him with conveyancing, as it is practised in the Marine Courts; and I heard him, by a verbal instrument, assign over with technical formality, the whole ship to the Devil, his Heirs, Executors, Administrators, and Assigns.

As for Butterworth, the Captain gave instructions with regard to the stays, and Butterworth in going aloft fell overboard. We thought for some time that he was dead, but after rubbing, and other means of revival, we had the satisfaction of seeing him moving for a new trial, and that he was beginning *de novo*.

You may conceive, professionally, our joy at entering the Douro with a prospect of being invited within the Bar,—but the anchors were instructed to stay proceedings, and we stayed the same. As I took notes of what happened afterwards, I will give you a rough draft.

Michaelmas Term, Oct. 31. Admiral took Council's opinion with regard to the Fort of St. Michael. Held that an action would lie. Judgment affirmed.

Nov. 2. Action of assault and battery. Admiral's ship opened the case, and the others followed on the same side. Hills crowded with witnesses. Enemy's damages laid at a hundred and fifty men. Tax off a hundred.

3. Discovering flaws and amending same. At

intervals term reports. Pollock died of his wounds, and was struck off the paper. Gave him an undertaking.

4. *A dies non*. Poor Horne seized with lock-jaw, and preparing for the long vacation.
5. Notice of action. Enemy's Fleet put in an appearance, but *non pros*. Horne demised.
6. Joined issue with enemy's flag ship. Wetherell killed by a ball lodging in the Inner Temple, and Denman subpoenaed by a bullet out of the main-top. Enemy attempted to put an officer and fifty men in possession—but we served them with an ejectment. Night coming on, agreed to withdraw a juror.
7. A violent storm, and a sail under a distress. Taken in execution by a wave,—levied on longboat and three men, and all the hen-coops.
8. Fell in with a Portuguese brig, and lodged a detainer. Have not received my share of prize, but have got a cognovit.
9. Enemy moved for a new trial. Bore up and fired a broadside: replied to same. Admiral



DRAKE DISPERSING THE ARMADA.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. This includes both traditional manual methods and modern digital technologies, highlighting the benefits of automation and data integration.

3. The third part focuses on the challenges faced in data management, such as data quality, security, and privacy. It provides strategies to address these challenges and ensure that the data is reliable and secure.

4. The fourth part discusses the role of data in decision-making and strategic planning. It explains how data-driven insights can help organizations identify trends, opportunities, and risks, leading to more informed and effective decisions.

5. The fifth part covers the importance of data governance and compliance. It outlines the necessary policies and procedures to ensure that data is handled in accordance with relevant laws and regulations, protecting the organization's reputation and legal standing.

6. The sixth part addresses the future of data management, including emerging trends like artificial intelligence, big data, and cloud computing. It discusses how these technologies will shape the way organizations collect, store, and analyze data in the coming years.

7. The seventh part provides a summary of the key points discussed in the document and offers recommendations for further action. It encourages organizations to embrace a data-driven culture and invest in the necessary infrastructure and talent to succeed in the digital age.

endeavoured, by intercepting the rearmost ships, to cut off the entail. Boarding again, —obliged to fight with all my Power of Attorney. Gave quarter to one man, he was such a special pleader. Verdict — drawn battle.

10. Chitty fell overboard from the mizen chains. Action of trover failed. Filed a bill of him in Ocean's Chancery, and sent an office copy to his Widow.

11. Enemy brought a fresh action. Boarding again, and obliged to defend in person. Enemy nonsuited with costs.

To abbreviate pleadings, you will see that our me has been Term time. Plenty of work at verhours, and I am sorry to say no extra charge. ut I am not going to take a bill of exceptions. I comfort myself for the loss of my arm—I have lost at limb of the law, Dick—by reflecting that I am ow like Nelson, except the blind eye, and that I not follow the Hamiltonian system. Sometimes wever, as I look homeward, and remember “dear orton,” I sigh to join you by a *Surrey-joinder*, and

to taste your *Surrey-butter*. I think that is the legal mode of expressing it.

Nothing can behave better than our men—from the principals down to the juniors. They fight as if they belonged to Lyon's Inn. However, a good many have been ticked off,—including Tyndale, Thessiger, Phillips, Spankie, Scarlett, Gurney, Wilde, Burney, and some others of our acquaintance, who have received a general release. For my own part——

[LETTER ENCLOSING THE ABOVE.]

SIR,

Am sorry to Say the man as writ the Inclosed letter, with a bit of a log fell Down the Main Hatchway on the 16th instant at 2 P. M. Was carried down to Cockpit. But the Doctor pronounced it a Bad Job and after saying O Law three times was a Corps. He left no Will nor no property, and was Sowed up and heaved overboard, same day in lat. 41. 5 N. long. 8. 50 W.

I take the Liberty of writing This that you may inform Parents, provided there's father or mother,

as
Sho
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an
wi

C
T

well as to his widow and children, if so be-
ould you be encouraged to come out to us in
ur friend's Place, you will be heartily welcome,
l lots of as jolly good fighting as hearts can
h. So no more at present from

Your Humble Servant

THOMAS BENYON.

V.B. Go to the Duncan's Head in Wapping, and
ptain Bligh will tell you all about the Bounty.
at's if you mean to 'list.



"LIST! LIST! O LIST!"

A PUBLIC DINNER.

" Sit down and fall to," said the Barmecide.

ARABIAN NIGHTS.

AT seven you just nick it,
Give card—get wine ticket ;
Walk round through the Babel,
From table to table,
To find—a hard matter,—
Your name in a platter ;
Your wish was to sit by
Your friend Mr. Whitby,
But Stewards' assistance,
Has placed you at distance,

And thanks to arrangers,
You sit among strangers ;
But too late for mending,—
Twelve sticks come attending
A stick of a Chairman,
A little dark spare man,
With bald shining nob,
'Mid Committee swell mob
In short a short figure,
You thought the Duke bigger;
Then silence is wanted,
Non Nobis is chaunted ;
Then Chairman reads letter,
The Duke's a regretter,
A promise to break it,
But chair he can't take it ;
Is grieved to be from us,
But sends friend Sir Thomas,
And what is far better,
A cheque in the letter,
Hear ! hear ! and a clatter,
And there ends the matter.

Now soups come and fish in,
And C*** brings a dish in ;
Then rages the battle,
Knives clatter, forks rattle,
Steel forks with black handles,
Under fifty wax candles ;
Your soup-plate is soon full,
You sip just a spoonful.
Mr. Roe will be grateful
To send him a plateful ;
And then comes the Waiter,
“ Must trouble for tater ;”
And then you drink wine off
With somebody—nine off ;
Bucellas made handy,
With Cape and bad Brandy,
Or East India Sherry,
That's very hot—very.
You help Mr. Myrtle,
Then find your mock turtle
Went off while you lingered
With waiter light-fingered.



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To make up for gammon,
You order some salmon,
Which comes to your fauces,
With boats without sauces.
You then make a cut on
Some Lamb big as Mutton ;
And ask for some grass too,
But that you must pass too ;
It serv'd the first twenty,
But toast there is plenty.
Then, while lamb gets coldish,
A goose that is oldish—
At carving not clever—
You're begg'd to dissever,
And when you thus treat it,
Find no one will eat it.
So, hungry as glutton,
You turn to your mutton,
But no sight for laughter,
The soup it's gone after.
Mr. Green then is very
Disposed to take sherry,

And then Mr. Nappy
Will feel very happy,
And then Mr. Conner
Requests the same honour ;
Mr. Clarke, when at leisure,
Will really feel pleasure,
Then Waiter leans over,
To take off a cover
From fowls, which all beg of,
A wing or a leg of ;
And while they all peck bone,
You take to a neck bone,
But even your hunger
Declares for a younger.
A fresh plate you call for,
But vainly you bawl for :
Now taste disapproves it,
No waiter removes it.
Still hope newly budding
Relies on a pudding ;
But critics each minute
Set fancy agin it—

“ That’s queer vermicelli.”
“ I say, Vizetelly,
“ There’s glue in that jelly.”
“ Tarts bad altogether ;
That crust’s made of leather,”
“ Some custard, friend Vesey ?”
“ No — batter made easy.”
“ Some cheese, Mr. Foster ?”
“ —Dont like single Glos’ter.’

Meanwhile, to top table,
Like fox in the fable,
You see silver dishes,
With those little fishes,
The white bait delicious
Borne past you officious ;
And hear rather plainish,
A sound that’s champaignish,
And glimpse certain bottles
Made long in the throttles,
And sniff—very pleasant !
Grouse, partridge, and pheasant,
And see mounds of ices

For Patrons and Vices,
Pine apple, and bunches
Of grapes, for sweet munches,
And fruits of all virtue
That really *desert* you.
You've nuts, but not crack ones,
Half empty, and black ones ;
With oranges sallow—
They can't be called yellow—
Some pippins well wrinkled,
And plums almond sprinkled,
Some rout cakes, and so on,
Then with business to go on ;
Long speeches are stutter'd,
And toasts are well butter'd,
While dames in the gallery,
All dressed in fallallery,
Look on at the mummery :
And listen to flummery.
Hip, hip! and huzzaing,
And singing and saying,
Glees, catches, orations,
And lists of donations.

Hush, a song, Mr. Tinney—
“ Mr. Benbow, one guinea ;
Mr Frederick Manual,
One guinea—and annual.”
Song—Jockey and Jenny—
“ Mr. Markham one guinea.”
“ Have you all filled your glasses ?”
Here’s a health to good lasses.
The subscription still skinny—
“ Mr. Franklin—one guinea,”
Franklin looks like a ninny ;
“ Mr. Boreham, one guinea—
Mr. Blogg, Mr. Finney,
Mr. Tempest—one guinea,
Mr. Merrington—twenty,”
Rough music in plenty.
Away toddles Chairman,
The little dark spare man
Not sorry at ending
With white sticks attending,
And some vain Tomnoddy,
Votes in his own body

To fill the void seat up,
And get on his feet up,
To say, with voice squeaking,
“ Unaccustomed to speaking,”
Which sends you off seeking
Your hat, number thirty,—
No coach—very dirty.
So, hungry and fever'd,
Wet-footed—spoilt-beaver'd,
Eyes aching in socket,
Ten pounds out of pocket,
To Brook-Street the Upper,
You haste home to supper.



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